Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 3.—Vol. I. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 23, 1903 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Miss Ghita Stanhope

Daughter of Hon. Henry Augustus Stanhope and niece of Earl Stanhope. Miss Stanhope makes a hobby of cats

No. 3.—Vol. I.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, December 23, 1903

	PAGE
Frontispiece	161
The Bystander's Notes	163
People of Interest	164
"From a Club Window"	168
"The Topictator"	169
"Parisiana"	170
"Paris Life," by A. Guillaume	171
From Abroad	172
"At the Sign of the Times"	176
Concerning Miss Marie Corelli	178
Miss Marie Corelli: An Unauthorised Portrait	179
The Garden	180
Mr. M. A. Noble	182
Mr. P. F. Warner	183
The Library	184
Gossip About Books	187
A Woman's Pocket-Book	190
A Warning to Children, sketched by Hilda Cowham	191
Ancient Perugia	192
Our Short Story: "The Swiss of Basle Station"	194
The Iris Maiden	198
Dear Lady Disdain	199
The Hedge Sparrow, by Nellie K. Blissett	200
Jack Tar's Christmas	202
A Friend of Mine	205
"Engrossed"	206
Bridge	207
Automobile Topics	208
By Field, Stream, and Covert	212
Woman's Pastimes	218
On the Green	220
"The Harbour of Refuge"	222
Matters Musical	223
The Earl and the Girl"	224
"In the Wings"	226
The Connoisseur	227
The World of Art	230
Flounces and Fashion	232
Toilet and Menu	234
'Varsity Cross-Country Teams	237
Hockey	238

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of from 1,500 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: the Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

Amusements

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES. TO-NIGHT, at 8 (Doors open 7.40), THE ORCHID.
MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.0. Doors open 1.40.

DALY'S THEATRE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2, the Musical Play, entitled A COUNTRY GIRL.

LYRIC THEATRE.—Lessee, MR. WM. GREET. Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON. EVERY EVENING, at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY, at 2. THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC.

EMPIRE THEATRE. VINELAND.
FANTASTIC DIVERTISSEMENT.
ALSO THE BAL MASQUÉ.
And Magnificent Varieties. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.

GARRICK.
MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH, EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, in THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.
MATINEES, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, CHARLES FROHMAN. EVERY EVENING, at 8. CHARLES FROHMAN presents a Drama in Four Acts and an Epilogue, entitled LETTY,
by ARTHUR W. PINERO.
MATINEE, EVERY SATURDAY, 2.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MR. E. S. WILLARD'S SEASON. TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, and on WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, at 2.30.
THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY.
By J. M. BARRIE.
Mr. E. S. WILLARD as Professor Goodwillie. Miss Gracie Leigh as Lucy White. Doors open at 8 and 2. Wet weather half an hour earlier. Telephone 3,903 Gerrard. Box Office 10 to 10. MR. WILLARD'S SEASON terminates on January 23rd, and will be followed by appearances at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Newcastle, Cardiff, Bristol, Bradford, Hull, and Brighton, in THE CARDINAL, by Louis N. Parker.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-NIGHT, at 9.
At 8.30, SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION
(Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 19 0
Six Months (26 Numbers)	0 14 1	0 19 6
Three Months (13 Numbers)	0 7 1	0 9 9

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded

The BYSTANDER'S NOTES.

Wednesday, December 23, 1903

A Quiet Week

During the past week but little of great interest has occurred to shake the world, though to the discriminating bystander there are many slight ripples upon the surface which tell of struggles taking place in the deep vista beneath.

International Affairs

Russia and Japan are still at peace, though conflicting reports of their intentions filter through to us. St. Petersburg informs us that the terms of the Russian Note are so favourable that war is out of the question. Tokio, on the other hand, seems unsettled, and the war party is evidently in a bellicose mood. The Chancelleries of Europe are having an anxious time watching the political thermometer, for there are undoubtedly tremendous possibilities.

A Complicated Question

Leaving out of question the direct result of such a war as between Russia and Japan—whether Japan's navy would more than hold its own against Russia's fleet, or whether, in the long run, the Japanese could hold out even if successful in the first engagements against the huge resources of the Tsar's Empire—the anxiety to every diplomatic centre is, "What complications will ensue?" Will the whole of Europe be set ablaze? Will trade, which, goodness knows, is unsettled enough at present, be further disturbed?

The Bright Side of Things

Hopes, of course, are entertained that a peaceful solution may be found, for, after all, it is in the interest of no one to fight. Was it not the Tsar who inaugurated The Hague Arbitration Tribunal? We recollect the enthusiasm with which the whole civilised world took up his proposals. Why, then, does he not invite Japan to submit all debatable points to the decision of this Tribunal, and let the rest of us settle down for the New Year which is close upon us?

Humours of the Courts

But to lighter subjects. Miss Marie Corelli has been making herself acquainted with the interior of the Law Courts. Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., made a very cruel mistake when examining her upon her evidence the other day. "You have lived at Stratford-on-Avon forty-four years, have you not?" he asked. "No," indignantly replied Miss Corelli, "four and a half years."

A Senseless Custom

Without entering into the merits of the case, one may pertinently inquire whether this growing fashion of reverencing the spot where some genius or celebrity has lived or visited is not being somewhat overdone. It is a morbid tendency, at the best of times, and, in a way, senseless. One does not appreciate the genius of Shakespeare any the less because a public library or a bootshop is built near to where he once passed his days. A gift of his immortal works to those who as yet have not learnt to appreciate them would, it seems to our mind, be a far more suitable manner of showing appreciation than indulging in an expensive lawsuit.

A Merry Christmas to All

With this issue we take the opportunity of wishing all our readers a very Merry Christmas. In many homes, alas! this is but an empty wish, for, with the depressed times through which we have been passing of late, the number of those who have been accustomed to enjoy this season of the year is greatly decreased. However, there is a silver lining to every cloud, and already signs are not wanting that, if only international peace can be assured, business will improve. Among the trials of Christmastide, not the least is that of choosing presents for one's kith and kin. A great deal of hard thinking may be avoided by the simple expedient of walking into a shop and choosing from the stock which has been gathered together by far-seeing merchants. The period of barter known as "Christmas Shopping Week" has been such a busy one as to augur that fog, or no fog, the festive season is to be celebrated in the old style.

Our Coloured Supplements

With this week's BYSTANDER we are presenting the companion picture to "The Tempted" which we gave away last week. "The Temptress" is in Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's best style, and the pair will well reward the trouble of having them framed. This feature of presenting each week a coloured supplement is one we intend to continue. We shall shortly give our readers some characteristic portraits of celebrities by the late Phil May, which have never yet been published, and which will no doubt be eagerly sought after. Indeed, it may be said that these coloured supplements are really valuable, and worth far more than the nimble sixpence which is demanded for the purchase of this journal.

People of Interest

Christmas at Sandringham

The King and Queen will entertain a family party at Sandringham for Christmas, when the Duke and Duchess of Fife and their children and the Duke of Cambridge will be among their guests. There will also be a shooting party at Sandringham, from Monday, December 28, over the New Year, and on January 4 their Majesties start for Chatsworth.

Christmas at Chatsworth

Mrs. Arthur Paget, who is now in Paris, is returning this week and will spend Christmas at Chatsworth with the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. She hopes later on to go to New York, as she is fond of paying periodical visits to her native land, and she will probably bring her daughter Leila home with her, as the latter has been out in the States for some months, paying a round of visits, where she has charmed everyone with her sweet and unaffected manners.

The Wedding at Hertford

Hertford will be quite *en fête* to-morrow (Thursday), when Miss Stella Faudel-Phillips marries Mr. Charles Tufton, the third son of Lord Hothfield. Miss Faudel-Phillips is most popular with everyone round Balls Park, where she has spent so much of her time of late. She is devoted to all kinds of outdoor pastimes; is a capital horsewoman and a good whip; she excels at hockey, and is captain of the Ladies' Hertford Hockey Team, which she founded.

A Castle by the Sea

Lord and Lady St. Levan have been entertaining a series of guests at St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, one of the most unique of residences, being surrounded on all sides by the sea. The only other place in Great Britain which is anything like it is the Knight of Kerry's island home, off the coast of Kerry; it will be remembered that the King and Queen intended going there last summer when they were in Ireland; but, owing to the wet weather, their visit had to be postponed.

Photo by [*Alice Hughes*

The Countess of Westmorland
One of a trio of beautiful sisters

The Countess of Westmorland

The beautiful Countess of Westmorland, who is thought by many people to be by far the loveliest of the group of sisters which includes two such noted beauties as Lady Warwick and the Duchess of Sutherland, has been, till recently, mistress of historic Apethorpe. This splendid property, which only within the last few days has passed into the possession of Mr. Leonard Brassey and of his pretty, popular wife, Lady Violet, who is a daughter of the Duke of Richmond. Lord and Lady Westmorland were often compelled to let Apethorpe; but nevertheless they were much attached to the splendid old house and its lovely gardens, for Lady Westmorland shares her many sisters' love of outdoor sports and outdoor life; she is a fine horsewoman and an accomplished gardener. Her little daughter, Lady Enid Fane, is a singularly pretty child, and will be one of Lady Marjorie Greville's bridesmaids.

Mr. William Randall Cremer, M.P.

Never has an honour been more properly conferred than the Nobel

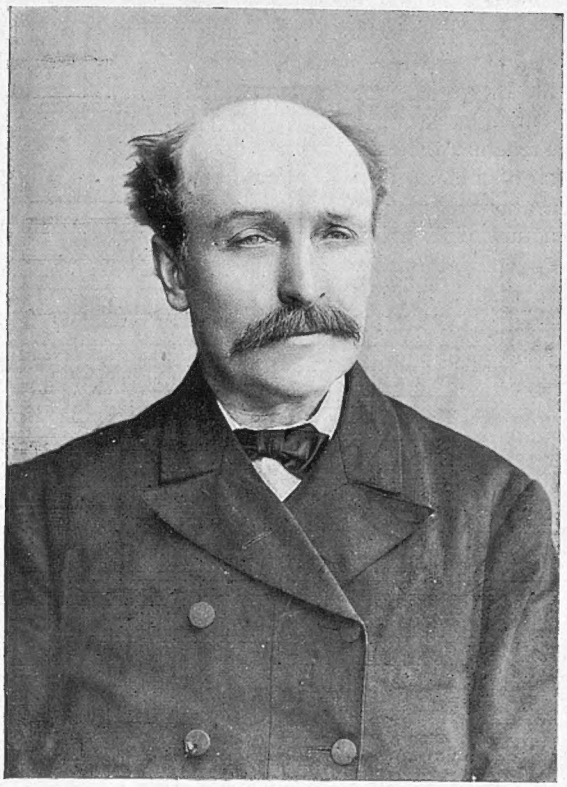
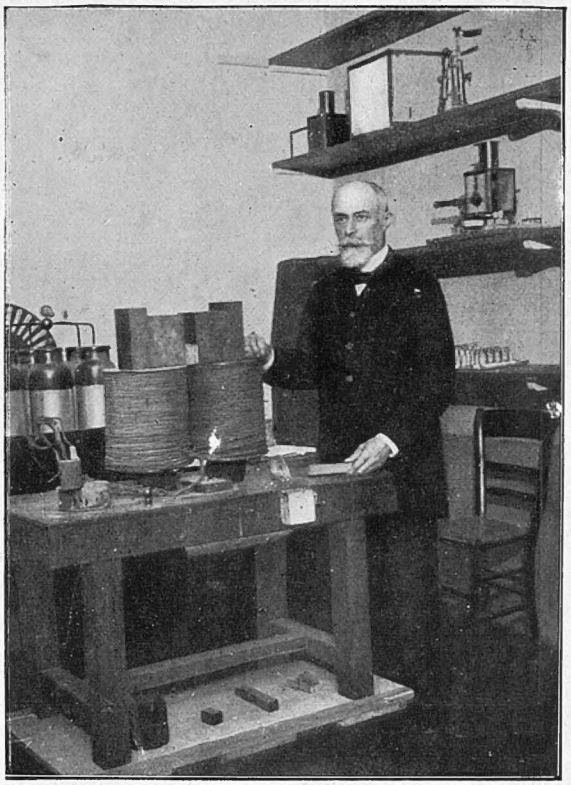


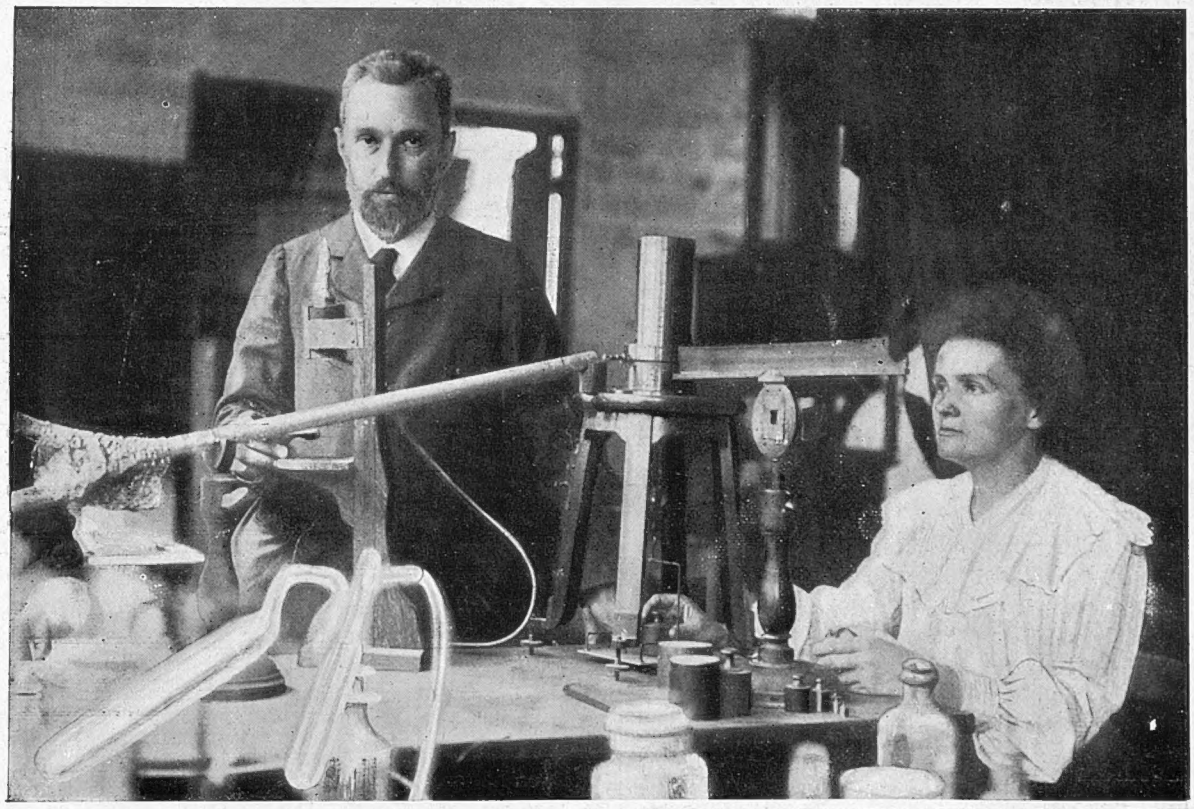
Photo by *Russell*

Mr. W. R. Cremer, M.P., the winner of the Award for promoting the cause of peace



M. Becquerel

Prize of this year, which has fallen to Mr. William Randall Cremer, M.P. for the Haggerston Division, the founder of the Inter-Parliamentary Conferences. He is one of the three or four men in the world among whom one would hesitate to say which had done most in the cause of international peace. This is a singular pursuit for a working man M.P., who usually, and quite properly, takes himself to be the representative of his class. Not so this quondam carpenter and trade union leader, whose business now it is to act as the informal ambassador of



M. and Mme. Curie, the famous Discoverers of Radium, who, with M. Becquerel, won the Award for Chemistry

SOME NOBEL PRIZE-WINNERS

Photo by *G. Harold Moore, Lordship Lane*

Mr. Masterman

his country in the cause of disarmament and arbitration. He it was who three times carried a message, signed by numerous Members of Parliament, in favour of arbitration to the American President and Congress.

The Nobel Prize-Winners

M. and Madame Pierre Curie—whose services to science have been acknowledged in England by the bestowal of the Davy Medal, and abroad by the bestowal of the Nobel prize—in conjunction with the eminent professor at the Natural History Museum, M. Becquerel—are at present the most distinguished couple in Europe. The tall, typical, youthful-looking Frenchman, of a naturally retiring disposition, and an air of scientific reserve about him, is a lecturer at the Sorbonne, and professor at the Municipal School of natural philosophy and chemistry. Like other men of genius, he was a most unpromising pupil, so much so that his parents found it necessary to remove him from school and to place him under private tuition. He is said to have passed his examination for the arts degree with considerable difficulty. But, once released from the trammels of uncongenial subjects and free to devote himself to his favourite study of the physical sciences, he progressed rapidly, advancing stage by stage to the culminating triumph of the discovery of radium—a discovery which, according to Sir William Crookes, is likely to revolutionise the whole of modern science.

Photo by *W. Morice*

Major Coates, the New Member for Lewisham

Madame Curie

Even more remarkable than M. Curie is Madame Curie, the blonde, intellectual-looking woman, whose share in her husband's labours has been very considerable. Mlle. Slodowska, a Polish young lady born in Warsaw, after having learned all that could be learned at home, and saved sufficient out of the private tuition in which she was engaged to enable her to travel, went to Paris, where she became a student at the Sorbonne. Here she greatly distinguished herself, passing brilliant examinations and writing a noteworthy dissertation for her degree of *docteur ès sciences*. Here, too, she met her fellow-worker, who in due time became her husband. The union thus scientifically cemented has been a very happy one; the Curies are as charming in their simple Parisian home as they are delightfully interesting when at work in the laboratory. The marvellous discoveries—the radium, actinium, and polonium, thus called by Madame Curie in honour of her native land—were made in the laboratory in the Rue Lhomond. The street is situated in a poor, mean quarter of Paris, beyond the Panthéon. The school of "Physical Sciences" is a plain building, with no architectural features to commend it. It is, or at all events was, until lately, in a somewhat dilapidated condition, the rain frequently coming through the roof, and the ill-closing doors letting in in every direction icy draughts.

The New Member for Lewisham

Major Edward Feltham Coates, the new member, is a retired officer of the 3rd Battalion (Militia) of the West Riding Regiment, and the eldest son of Mr. James Coates, deputy-lieutenant for the North Riding of Yorkshire. He is fifty years of age and was educated at Marlborough College. He is a great sportsman, and devoted to shooting. Owing to an accident he was obliged to give up hunting. He is a member of the Wellington, the Junior United Service, and the City Carlton Clubs in London. He resides at Tayle's Hill, Ewell, Surrey. He gained his electoral experience in the Elland division of Yorkshire in 1900, when he opposed Mr. Charles Trevelyan. His family have resided in Yorkshire for nearly three hundred years in direct descent.

Dr. Harris

The new member for Dulwich, Dr. Frederic Rutherfoord Harris, has come successfully through one of the most spirited election contests of recent years. He is a man of forty-seven, and comes of a family that has done good service to the Empire in past days, and which has its best-known representative to-day in Lord Harris. Dr. Harris went to South Africa in 1882 in search of health, like Mr. Rhodes, with whom he soon came in contact at Kimberley, where he had begun to practise. He became Mr. Rhodes's confidential agent, and was made the first secretary of the Chartered Company. When Dr. Jameson started for the Transvaal Dr. Harris was the second man in Capetown to hear of it. The first was an official at the Chartered Company's offices, who deciphered Dr. Jameson's telegram and took it to Dr. Harris, who was enjoying a late Sunday breakfast. Mr. Rhodes, in his turn, was informed of the news by Dr. Harris in the middle of a lunch party. The Doctor is not new to political life, for he twice represented Kimberley in the Cape Parliament, and was one of Mr. Rhodes's Whips, to say nothing of his successful candidature in the Monmouth Burghs, in 1900, where he was unseated on petition, the judges granting him his certificate in the absence of any corrupt practice. He lives at Llangibby Castle, near Newport, Mon., and cattle breeding is one of his interests. L. R. C. S., Edinburgh, is his degree.

Mr. Masterman

The defeated candidate in Dulwich is one of the most interesting of the younger men now in, or aspiring to, political life. He has for some years past entirely devoted himself to the cause of the London poor, "the people of the abyss," of whom he has written, living in a "dwelling" in Camberwell, and taking a prominent part in social work among the people, besides acting as secretary to the Children's Country Holiday Fund. "The Heart of the Empire," another work on town life, was edited by him. He has done a great deal of literary and journalistic work, has published an important book on Tennyson as a religious teacher, and is now on the staff of the *Daily News*. He is thirty years old. At school and at Cambridge his career was one of remarkable success, and he is a fellow of his college, Christ's. He was president of the Cambridge Union, and is a powerful and moving speaker.

The late Lord Abinger

Lord Abinger, whose sudden and tragic death in a Paris restaurant is greatly regretted, was only thirty-two. He had held the title for eleven years, doing his duty quietly as a great landlord (he owned some forty thousand acres). He was a justice of the peace and deputy-lieutenant for Inverness-shire, where he had his property and his castle of Inverlochy; and he had held a commission in the 3rd battalion of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and served with the Imperial Yeomanry during the late war. Eton and Trinity (Cambridge) had the educating of him. He was unmarried, and is succeeded by a second cousin, Captain Shelley Scarlett, of Boscombe Manor, Bournemouth, a young man of about his own age. The late Lord Abinger's mother was an

Dr. Rutherfoord Harris

American, Miss Magruder, the daughter of an admiral and niece of a famous Confederate soldier. The title, of course, goes back to Scarlett, the great advocate, called "The Thirteenth Juryman" and "The Verdict Getter," who was the only rival on circuit of Brougham in the days of Lord Macaulay's youthful devotion to the law.

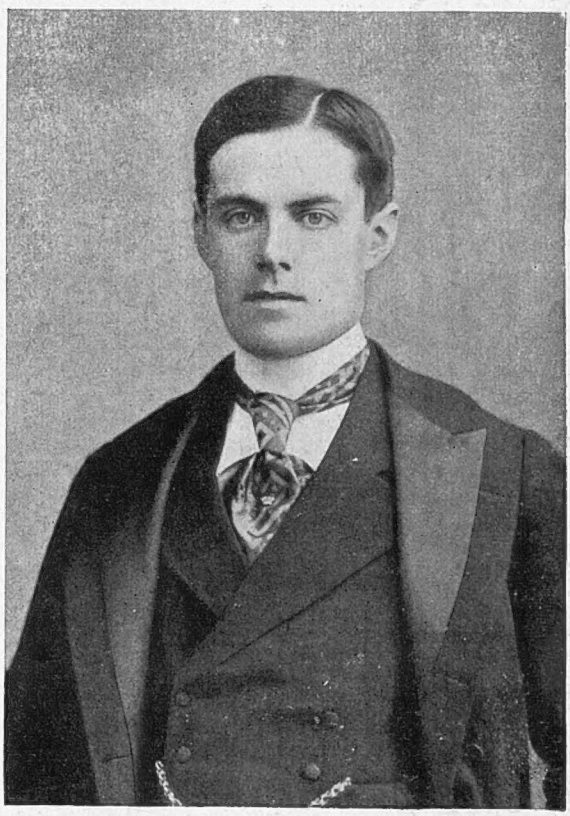


Photo by *Maull & Fox*

The late Lord Abinger

"At Christmas be merry, and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the small."

The Clubbite Considers Modern Christmas

Sang Thomas Tresser, three centuries ago; but the genial doggerel seems rather *passé*, somehow. I think we must be less democratic, or more selfish, and yet—so stubborn is human nature—we still manage, in spite of theories, to get quite a large amount of pleasure from our Christmas. Inspired by bright shop-windows, decorations, Christmas numbers, and, perhaps, a bowl of punch, we become friends to all men, and ladle out the inevitable "tips" with twice as good a grace as we ever could on May-day. And, after all, it is not we who are intended to enjoy it. We have Derby Day, Boat Race Day, Quarter Day, and endless joyous festivals. Christmas is adapted for the use of children. I insist upon delivering myself of one piece of advice to parents: spoil the child just for one week. Plum-pudding may be poison, snapdragon painful, Santa Claus a pernicious myth; but they are part of the ideal Christmas. So let them be ill, let them be pained, let them be corrupted—for one mad week, and spend the other fifty-one in remedy!

He Relapses into Pantomime

The endless readers who think that I am talking wildly will much oblige by considering the case of pantomime. The musical conductor at Drury Lane, who should know, declared last week—one may fancy with what pride—that two hundred and forty-seven pantomimes, this Christmas, would vaunt songs in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. Picture the ecstasy of the children, the Jingoistic rapture of the babies, as they gaze on a Union Jack-robed principal boy, who sings (or shouts) somewhat as follows—

Fair play! Fair play! That's what we ask to-day;
We've a fertile land and an Empire grand *(waves a flag)*,
We've a Navy fair and we've bread to spare,
And Joey will make our loaf bigger still *(produces a loaf)*,
If he gets Fair Play.

Still, the children may enjoy it; they will take Joey to refer to the pantaloon, and be buoyed by hopes of his appearance.

And Pities Children

Empty optimism! The harlequinade and transformation have gone. They bore. (As though they could bore, on the first time of seeing!) The vast-headed cabbages have mostly passed away, and ballet-girls reign in their stead. The modern pantomime is a musical comedy; which is as if to say it is not for the young—often, not even for the maiden aunt. Pageants and music-hall turns have ousted the old features, and if the demon king is allowed at all, he must do a juggling act to earn his salary. In the old days of pantomime, realistic children are recorded to have spread panic by mimicking the clown's hot poker; now——well, I hope that children are less imitative! But at least the parents benefit by this change of tone. Formerly they were tactful enough to feign interest, but were bored; now they are bound to feign boredom, but are interested. And yet I am so pig-headed that I could wish our caterers would print "Children's Pantomime" a little smaller on their bills, and would make the pantomimes, I will not say more childish, but more suitable for children.

But Contrives to See the Other Side

Yet, perhaps, all my sympathy for children is misguided; perhaps they have no fine emotions. At least, the Sanitary Institute, at its meeting last week, did its best to disillusion us. Naughtiness has always been the most healthy, the most human, symptom in a child; Britain expects nothing from pallid, unenterprising infants. But now, so please you, we hear that this spirit of mischief is "moral imbecility," "animal," "abnormal," and I know not what dull adjectives. There is need for a Royal commission, it is hinted; and, meantime, these pocket hooligans must suffer "segregation" (which, I glean, is not much different from isolation), for punishment is useless. This last clause should be grateful and comforting to children; but the theory, otherwise, is musty, productive of cranks instead of healthy Britons, and altogether unattractive.

The Which is Illustrated

It is a large effort, but I can almost fancy the kind of scene to which the view would lead in practice:—

FATHER *(sternly)*: I shall have to punish you for lying, Tom.

MOTHER *(waving a daily)*: Oh, don't! I know it's abnormal. Look here!

FATHER *(brutally masculine)*: I call it normal—lying.

MOTHER: Really, dear, he is only an imbecile. He will have a crying fit, it says here, of ungovernable fury, if we wait.

(Tommy, seizing his cue, emits ungovernably furious sounds.)

MOTHER *(triumphantly)*: There! he *is* an imbecile! He wants segregation.

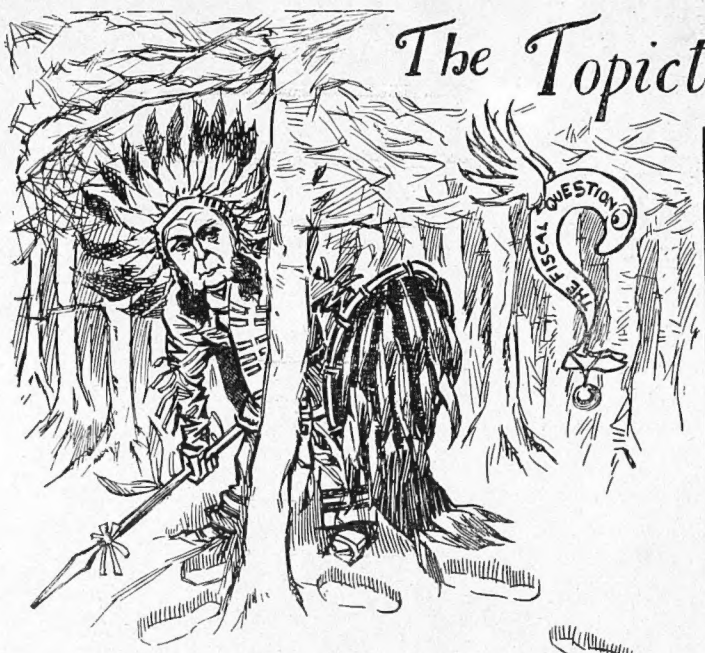
FATHER *(resigned)*: I'll run out to the chemist's.

MOTHER *(tapping her daily)*: No, it means being alone. *(To Tommy, firmly, as per instructions)*: Tommy, go up to your room!

[*Exit Tommy, still roaring; unpunished; and with a leery, but totally surreptitious twinkle in his eye.*]

CLUBBITE.

The Topictator



THE NOBLE SAVAGE AVOIDS THE FISCAL QUESTION

(AT THE SAVAGE CLUB BANQUET SIR EDWARD CLARKE SAID THERE WAS ONE QUESTION, AND ONLY ONE, WHICH FILLED EVERYONE'S MIND - HE WOULD NOT SAY WHAT IT WAS .... IT WAS THE QUESTION OF — HE WOULD NOT SAY)

FATHER CHRISTMAS "IF THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ME, WHAT'S THE WHITE STUFF I'M SUPPOSED TO BE WALKING ON?"

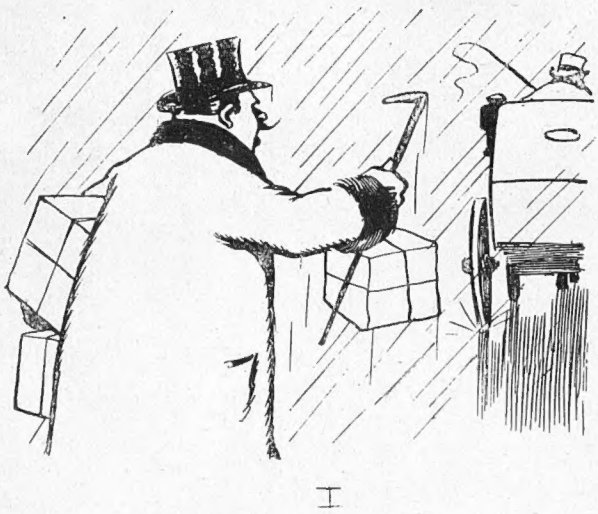
A CHANCE FOR BOTH BARRELS

(LORD ROSEBERY LIKENED MR CHAMBERLAIN TO A BEATER SENT OUT BY MR BALFOUR TO BEAT THE ELECTORAL WOODS)

PORTIA II "PLEASE LET ME IN REMEMBER THE CASE OF ANTONIO V SHYLOCK."

DRIVE PAST, COVER
CUT PAST SLIP.
287
BRAVO, TIP!

(R.E FOSTER SYDNEY DEC 14 1903).



I

II

III

IV

PARIS WEEK BY WEEK

As depicted by our Special Artist

THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS

1. "Hi! Cocher! Anything if you'll only take me home! Even the Empire of Sahara!"
2. "This makes the seventh calendar! Can't you bring me anything else?" "I'll bring you a kiss, my dear."
3. "It is often more blessed to give . . . . 4. Than to receive."
5. Christmas Presents make a bad nightmare.

PARISIANA :

"I was in winter quarters in my dear Lutetia ; thus do they call in Gaul the little capital of the Parisians."—*Julian.*

"L'homme qui s'occupe de tout"

A depressing street, a depressing house, and a depressing staircase. Nailed to a door on the third floor a visiting card, with the curt inscription, "Henri." Arrived, then! Yes, arrived at my amazing destination! But before seeking admittance I arrange my tie, smooth my hair, draw a deep breath. How will he receive me? Is he amiable, or haughty? Perhaps he abhors the foreigner, is a confirmed Anglophobe, will bid me return immediately to my own country. Ah, these great men, how their greatness terrifies the ordinary mortal! As we stand before their portal our hearts leap, and our throats go dry at the prospect of beholding them in all their greatness. We are all fear, all emotion. Dare we ring the bell? Shall we remember our opening sentence? Suppose we fly—fly without even having set eyes upon the great one? Agonising, awful moments! And such a moment is this one. I am about to see Henri; in another moment I shall behold "The Man who Occupies himself with Everything."

However, nothing impressive about the youth who opens the door and shows me into the office. A shabby youth and shabby office, warmed by a cheap oil stove, illuminated by a common oil lamp, then, three rickety chairs, and a worm-eaten desk and a kitchen table (covered with dirty papers), and a dilapidated bookcase, and a tattered old sofa, and——

Before me, Henri. Before me, a seedy little man in a faded pink shirt and a stained grey suit, with an inflamed complexion and a swimming eye, with colourless hair, with a thin colourless moustache, who bows and rubs his hands and says inquiringly, "Monsieur?"

"It is true," admits Henri. "*Je m'occupe de tout.*" Now, "everything" is a large order. As a matter of fact, how much is "everything," what is "everything," and—— But Henri only replies, "Everything *means* everything." And sips his absinthe, and rolls a cigarette with grimy fingers, and hums a tune, and then asks suddenly: "Have you come for a marriage?" Suspicious that Henri should occupy himself with such vulgar events as marriages; hundreds of mere agents produce *fiancés*. Henri's occupations should be rarer and higher; nor should Henri occupy himself with motors, with "shadowing" the suspected, with promoting companies, with providing new soaps and tooth-powders and lotions. Indeed, I am almost disappointed in Henri, when, all of a sudden, he informs me that if ever a duel has to be fought at short notice, he is ready to produce the weapons and act as second. Also he will attempt to reconcile an indignant wife with her husband, vow she is mistaken, vow the husband was in his company all the time, vow, in fact, "Everything."

Another absinthe; but no grim confidences, no startling secrets. However, I hear that Henri will look after dipsomaniacs, and that he will report on the condition of any lunatic, whose family will be spared the pain of entering an asylum. He has three lunatics on his books whom he visits every week. In the summer he was guardian to a dipsomaniac at Boulogne. Had to take him for walks. Had to swim with him. Had to interest him in the ships and surrounding scenery. A free hand, in fact. Only one stipulation: keep the gentleman's thoughts from the bottle. All expenses paid, and a salary as well. But heavens, the patient's cunning! Once the dipsomaniac actually took to his heels, and away went Henri after him. A race, a race! Only on the very threshold of a *café* did Henri win. "But then I have trained professional runners, boxers, fencers, and billiard players," concludes "The Man who Occupies himself with Everything."

Occupies himself, also, with rare dogs, rare birds, rare furniture, rare prints, rare stamps. But it now occurs to me that, for a man of every occupation, Henri is singularly idle. Cigarette after cigarette, and this time a "small" absinthe. He begins to gesticulate he begins to speak rapidly. Perhaps he is about to disclose a secret, when the waiter expresses a wish to speak "privately" to him. Away goes Henri with the waiter, and no sooner does he return, no sooner do I resolve to question him as to the waiter's requirements, than the shabby office-boy enters hurriedly and whispers in Henri's ear. And Henri smiles. And Henri reaches for his hat. And Henri excuses himself for leaving so abruptly, on the score that a client is impatiently awaiting him. "Just tell me what the waiter——" I begin. But Henri cries, "I am late, I am late," and vanishes. What does the waiter want? What, also, does the client want? Which Thing, Oh, which Thing?

Alone in the dim, remote corner I brood. Something impenetrable, something mysterious, something unearthly about Henri. That singular smile, those shifty glances, those sudden fits of silence, the emphasis which he put into the words, "*Je m'occupe de tout!*" Fancies, perhaps, mere fancies; and so, to rid myself of the fancies, I turn my attention to the waiter. Alone in the opposite dim corner, the waiter, doing nothing, seated on a chair, staring fixedly before him; no doubt brooding, brooding. But over what is he brooding? When I call "*Garçon!*" he starts. A guilty start, or only a start of a surprise? Fancies again; and so out of the depressing *café* into the depressing street I go, myself preoccupied and depressed. A slight mist and a drizzle. Gloom: so I hasten, but pause at the crossing as a cab comes driving up. And then, out of the window pops a head, and a voice says angrily, "Faster, faster, you are not going fast enough." Someone in a hurry; back goes the head, but not before I have recognised it. So—in a hurry, and why in a hurry? Fancies once more! Disappeared, the cab, and disappeared in it "The Man who Occupies Himself with Everything."

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

FROM ABROAD.

Athens

The winter season in Athens promises this year to be unusually gay. The absence of the Royal family from the capital has kept Athens rather empty, but with the return of Crown Prince and Princess, Prince Nicholas and Princess Helen from Darmstadt, where they had been for the marriage of Prince Andrew of Greece with the Princess Alice of Battenberg, a spirit of greater animation may be detected in the whirl of social gaieties. The unfortunate condition of the Grand Duchess Alexandra has been a source of grave anxiety to the Queen of Greece, a daughter of that august lady, and this fact has naturally tended to emphasise the quietness which distinguishes the life of the King and Queen of Greece. However, the favourable turn which has been given to the course of the illness by the success of the operation which the Grand Duchess Alexandra has undergone will not be without its reactionary effect upon the movements of the Royal circle. Altogether, apart from the state of the political world, which is chaotic, there is little or no prospect of a festive season this year in Greece.

Birdseye View of Athens

Venice

The collapse of the Campanile of St. Mark's a few months ago turned attention to the condition of many similar structures, not only in Italy, but in every country where there are ancient edifices to attract the gaze of the world. In Italy, particularly, careful examination of many of the remaining examples has been made, with the result that the condition of the Campanile of San Giorgio dei Greci here was discovered to be untrustworthy. In July, 1902, publi feeling became so alarmed that the Minister of Publi Instruction authorised the erection of a number supporting girders to offset the dangerous lea which had become so noticeable in the Campanil Now, again, the condition of thi charming specimen of early archi tecture has given rise to ver serious fears, and with a view to satisfy the public a further investigation has taken place. The report of the committee of inspection will tend to pacify the outcry which had broken out, since a most exhaustive search has failed to elicit any confirmation of the apprehensions of the public. Fortunately, the girders have saved the situation; and for the present, at any rate, there is no danger.

Athens, showing View of the Temple of Jupiter and the Stadium

An Early Season

The winter season at the Swiss resorts has commenced early this year on account of the recent cold snap, and is at present in full swing. At Davos there are some 3,000 visitors,

The floods in Venice have inundated the Piazza di San Marco, and gondolas can carry their fares to the very steps of that famous church

including Lady Balfour of Burleigh, Hon. George Bruce, Hon. Cecil Brownlow, Prince Radziwill, Captain Crockett, R.A., Colonel Pearson, etc. The Ski Club of Great Britain is sending out a large number of its members shortly to Davos. The Club, which has its headquarters in London, is formed to encourage ski-ing generally among English sportsmen.

A New Toboggan Run

The proposed new toboggan run from Davos to Klosters is the most interesting of the current questions at this charming Alpine resort. A guarantee fund has been opened, and everything is being done to procure the carrying out of the scheme. Skaters and curlers are having a royal time; while dances, concerts, and theatricals take place every night in the hotels. A casual visitor would find it difficult to believe that this was the Mecca of consumptives, for the "lungers" enjoy themselves, and "go the pace" at the same rate as their more fortunate brethren.

Montreux and Caux

The northern slopes of Lake Geneva, protected from the north winds by the mountains which rise abruptly from the lake, form an ideal winter resort,

The Campanile of San Giorgio, Venice
Which is developing a dangerous lean

Lake Merjelen

Situated in the heart of the Alps, this little-known lake is noted as always being the first in Switzerland to freeze and the last to thaw. It affords excellent skating

and English visitors have found this out. Montreux, Territet, Clarens and Vevey hotels are crowded. Caux and Les Avants, higher up the mountains and connected with Montreux by two mountain lines, are also very popular. A new toboggan run, two kilomètres in length, has just been completed at Caux and is proving a great attraction. A trip to the Rochers de Naye seated in a comfortable railway coach, while on each side are solid masses of ice and trees heavily laden with snow, is a charming experience, which attracts a number of visitors. Ski-ing and luge-ing have a number of devotees, while golf and tennis players are also provided for. In fact, sports form the chief occupation of the visitors.

The Rhone Glacier, which has descended a record distance down the valley this year

Santa Claus Up to Date

Tommy (wistfully): "I wonder if we wos to change our nimes, Billy?"

"AT THE SIGN OF THE TIMES"

By R. E. Vernède

A Painful Dream About Christmas

Christmas is upon us. I am reminded of this not only by the receipt of many choice Christmas cards, adorned alternately—so far as I can judge—with pictures of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Consul, and in any case full of the heartiest greetings; but also by a painful dream which beset me last night. I dreamt that it was already Christmas day. I sat alone in the panelled hall of my baronial castle, musing. The Yule logs blazed bravely; the tables groaned audibly under the weight of the repast which my henchmen were preparing. I forget what I was musing about, but not improbably it was about the precise meaning of "baronial." "Of or belonging to a baron," did not seem to me satisfactory, for I was not a baron. I longed to consult Mr. Webster's dictionary, which I love for its quaint new-world conceits; but, conscious that this proceeding would be regarded as strange, I called aloud instead for a wassail-bowl. Just as it was being brought to me (upon a trencher) the whole scene crumbled and vanished.

Is Interpreted to Mean That

Still dreaming, I somehow interpreted this to mean that Journalism had come to an end, and, in the anguish of this idea, awoke. It took me quite a number of minutes, however, to be assured that the thing was a dream, and quite impossible. I had to say over and over again, "Journalism could not come to an end; such a catastrophe is inconceivable. Even, assuming the worst, say the shooting of Mr. Harmsworth by an Anarchist or a Free-Trader, or the seizure of the *Times* staff by an attack of the sleeping sickness, surely some village Hampden would still grasp the pen and raise a printer's devil from somewhere." By constant iteration I persuaded myself at last that it would be so. But—and this is what redeems the above narration from any charge of inconsequence—if it should not be so, if, in fact, Journalism could, and did, by chance, some day come to an end, what, I ask, would become of Christmas, as we know it? Would it not crumble and vanish, as in my dream?

Though Journalists go Unrewarded

Kind (but thoughtless) readers give Christmas-boxes to the policeman, the butcher's boy, and the crossing sweeper. They undo their purse-strings for dustman and verger alike. But how many of them—of you—have thought of sending a little gift to your favourite leader writer, or to the author of that weekly column on etiquette and cookery which has saved you from so many blunders and shortcomings during the past year? The writers have not come round and importuned you for money, you say? True. And they might return your postal order if you sent it to them? I grant it. But is the man who has kept you on tenterhooks with regard to the Far East for month after month by writing, surcharged with expert emotion and palpitating with the actuality of print, is he to know nothing of your gratitude? Is Aunt Amelia, is Lady Dolly (to name but a pair of the many guides to those other and the fine arts of life) to be left out in the cold what time ever the sweep handles half-a-crown? I trow—or, at any rate I consider—this should not be.

Christmas Would Not Be What It Is

I wish to carry the reader with me upon this point. I wish him—or her—to recognise the debt we owe and never pay to the journalist. Reflect upon his services, for example in the matter of Turkeys. If there were no journalists we might still have Turkeys. Probably we still should have Turkeys. But, if there were no journalists, what should we know about How to Buy a Turkey Cheap, Countries where Turkeys are Unknown, Turkeys that have Made Fortunes, Millionaires who Cannot Touch Turkeys, Turkeys at Sandringham, After Turkeys in Patagonia, Turkeys I have Met, Turkeys—from the Old Masters, Turkeys as Pets, Early Christian Turkeys, The Turkey in Mediæval Times, Totems and Turkeys, Turkeys for the Bairns? I repeat, what, if there were no journalists, should we know about these and a thousand other aspects of the Turkey? Nothing whatever. Yet these are the aspects which make it so delectable a fowl. Unadvertised, it would remain but coarse and flavourless, a "white elephant" of a bird, round which a family party might sit on Christmas day and yawn. Journalists have imparted a flavour to it. They have served it with the chestnut sauce—so to speak—of the imagination till it has become a luscious and an inevitable dish.

Without Them

What journalists have done for the Turkey, they have done for all the other appurtenances of Christmas. The panelled halls, Yule logs, and wassail bowl of my dream are merely samples of their handiwork. They have cherished the vital spark in

ghosts more assiduously than the Psychical Research Society has cherished it, with the result that, whereas our ancestors had their scores of haunted houses, we have our hundreds of scores. The same applies to highwaymen. Dick Turpin, if he had had the luck to take that ride to York City which he never did take, might still have had some breath left over to laugh with, could he have foreseen how many times and under how many names he and Black Bess would go galloping through the magazines as each December draws on. No Christmas is complete without him. That is to say—and here again I repel the charge of inconsequence by swooping like a hawk upon my subject—no Christmas is complete without the journalist.

And Might Be

For this reason I have made no apology for taking the journalist as my theme. I had intended, indeed, to discuss something of a seemingly more topical nature, whether, for instance, a "whole-hogger" accurately describes a follower of Mr. Chamberlain—as Major Coates, the gallant candidate for Lewisham seems to imagine—and, if so, what decimal fraction of a hogger describes a follower of Mr. Balfour? I had also intended to ask one hundred leading literary men to let me know, for the benefit of The Bystander's readers, what they would have done if they had been the Fat Boy. I thought better of this plan. After all, I reflected, for one thing the case is not so unique as it seemed. Figuratively speaking, we are all fat boys, who must at one time or another answer the question: Will you show yourself to the world in your present amorphous condition—or—will you go back to school and be licked into shape? Lucky those of us for whom the educational authorities will take no denial, for whom they will provide a desk! For another thing, obviously it was not a matter to be discussed with levity, even by one hundred leading literary men. I fell back upon journalists.

Better

To sum up, then, in the brief space that remains to me, as the three-volume novelists used to say—I do not press the suggestion of a Christmas box for journalists. I do not press it, partly because I do not think they would accept it, partly because I am not sure (in spite of what I have claimed for them) that they deserve it. For, though I have forgotten to mention it, there is another view of journalism current. I heard an elderly exponent of this other view only a week ago remark pithily that "Journalists make peace impossible and goodwill a crime." But he may have been thinking of Tariff Reform journalists.

The Two Smallest Ponies in the World

The above illustration is from a photograph taken in the streets of Hamburg. The advantage to riders of possessing this species of steed is that when tired they (the steeds) can be carried

CONCERNING MISS MARIE CORELLI

It ought to be stated at once, before people run away with a false impression, that THE BYSTANDER'S picture of Miss Marie Corelli is not authorised. Miss Corelli may, and we trust will, approve of it highly; but it is one of her most cherished principles that portraits of her shall not be published with her consent. This decision was come to in consequence of some thoroughly abominable remarks that were made about a portrait of Miss Corelli which was exhibited some years ago at a certain Gallery. On hearing of them, the lady declared that her portrait had appeared for the last time. That is a way she has.

On the same principle her novels are not supplied to the Press for review when they appear. The Press has treated her intolerably. That part of it which is not corrupt is malicious. A good deal of it is both. Her first book received but four reviews, all brief and all malicious—or corrupt. This was not to be borne. Miss Corelli decided, in the end, that the Press should be forced to pay its four-and-sixpence for her six-shilling novels, like other sinners. That is all the Press got by its proceedings.

Then there was the disgraceful case of the Nonconformist Minister. That also led to a sweeping retribution. This gentleman had preached a sermon somewhere—his name and pastorate are not on record—in which he attacked Miss Corelli. What was the result? When Dr. Campbell (now of the City Temple) entreated Miss Corelli to open a Nonconformist Bazaar in the Brighton Dome, she wrote him a refusal, enclosing a copy of the nameless divine's sermon. And although the late Dr. Parker and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes (who had also been confronted with the damning sermon) both crawled in the dust before Miss Corelli on Dr. Campbell's behalf, she was inexorable.

So firmly is the resolution as to portrait publication kept that none appears even in her authorised biography—"Marie Corelli: the Writer and the Woman"—though it contains a speaking likeness of Miss Corelli's boatman, an admirable picture of the cottage "where 'Ziska' was finished," and a noble view of the house "where Miss Corelli wrote half of 'The Master Christian.'"

It took two men to write this biography; just as it took "two worlds" to form the subject of Miss Corelli's first romance. Similarly, it took two publisher's readers (one of them Mr. Hall Caine, too) to advise Messrs. Bentley against the production of that striking book. And it took the late Mr. George Bentley—if we may judge from the enthusiasm of his letters—about two minutes, on reading the manuscript himself, to make up his mind that he was handling a work of genius.

It must take at least three men and a boy at the press-cutting agency to keep Miss Corelli informed about the constant stream of slanders, insults, and unprincipled personal attacks upon herself which is the shame of modern journalism; the "persecution," in fact, which, as she herself says, "has followed every human being who has had enough of God in him, or her, to denounce shams." On this persecution by the Press, which Miss Corelli evidently watches with an unsleeping eye, she maintains an attitude of a sort only possible to a great mind. She regards the attacks, she tells us, with complete indifference; and since it is undeniable that she has several thousand admirers for every detractor, she can well afford to do so.

Most people, even the most unsparing of her critics, find in Miss Corelli's work some very striking qualities, such as strong imaginative power, intense hatred of wrong, and entire absence of timidity. Not so Mr. Hall Caine. Years ago (in 1885) he was reader to Messrs. Bentley, and in that capacity he reported most unfavourably on "A Romance of Two Worlds." But in spite of Mr. Hall Caine's counsel the book was published. It succeeded. It was translated into one European language after another. All the Continent was leavened with the conception that Christianity was, somehow or other, mixed up with electricity. Miss Corelli was a made woman. She bided her time, and at last it came—fifteen years later, when Mr. Hall Caine's "Eternal City" appeared. An editor, with the debased cunning of his profession, thought to secure some entertaining "copy" in the shape of a review of the book by Miss Corelli, and offered her fifty guineas to write it. In her letter of refusal, Miss Corelli wrote as follows: "'The Eternal City' is recognisably inspired by and founded on Zola's 'Rome,' in which great work the 'religious message' of Mr. Caine's novel is fully set forth. The idea . . is Zola's 'own original,' and belongs to Zola alone.' So Nemesis overtook the unhappy Mr. Hall Caine.

Indignation on behalf of humanity—a very real and generous indignation, for all the critics may say, and not altogether uncalled-for in this world of ours—is what the Americans call her "long suit." Americans, by the way, suffer under her lash as much as any. They are, says she, "a nation of bombast and swagger." Millionaires "catch it" worse than anybody—always excepting the guilty Press. "They are," she writes, "for the most part ill-mannered and illiterate, and singularly uninteresting in their conversation." Mr. Pierpont Morgan has a bad time in Miss Corelli's hands. Another gentleman who must have said something unguarded at some time or another is Mr. Swinburne; he also suffers severely. Free libraries have been denounced by Miss Corelli. So has the Progressive party in municipal politics. So has the Roman Catholic Church. She entertains a strong objection to Jews, and will have no dealings with the foreigner—even her clothes are made in England. She has made it her business to lash the age; and the age seems to like nothing better.

Miss Corelli's private life is simple, natural, and industrious. She lives in the country, works hard, and delights in fresh air, birds, flowers, music, books, the society of her many friends, and of her little dog "Czar," who is understood to live on press-cuttings. The scoundrels who write reviews may explain it how they may, but the circulation of her books, as all know, is enormous. She has denounced more people than any other living writer; yet she never wrote a line that would do anyone any harm.

A Quite Unauthorised Drawing of Miss Marie Corelli by our Special Artist

Bulbs in the Grass

There is no more beautiful form of gardening than that of growing spring and autumn bulbs in the grass. Autumn bulbs for this purpose are rare, and those that there are are little used, but no one who has seen a mass of colchicum or autumn crocus flowering under trees can have helped being struck with their effect, affording, as they do, an almost thrilling reminiscence of spring delights. Of spring bulbs for naturalisation there is no lack. Snowdrops, winter aconites, chisnodoxa, crocus, scilia, daffodils and tulips are the best known of them, and make the best display.

The Place for Them

There are a few rules to be observed if this naturalisation is to be effective. The grassy space which is to be filled with bulbs must be one which can be left unmown for some considerable time, because after they have done flowering their leaves must be left to wither, and not be cut off, or they will not ripen. It follows that the best place for them is round and amongst groups of trees, where the grass, even if on the borders of a lawn, can very well be left to grow on into the spring without being unsightly. I remember seeing, a few winters ago, in a large garden in the suburbs of London, the preparations made for a show of bulbs under a row of fine elms bordering a wide lawn. The ground had been dug and heaped up in a neat circular bed round each tree-trunk. The bulbs—I think they were crocuses—had been put in, and each bed neatly finished off with cocoanut fibre, the whole being wired in with an elaborate wire cage, to check the depradations of the sparrows. Such an arrangement would have to be seen to be believed, but there it probably is unto this day, and it may serve as an illustration of what to avoid. Imagine it at its best, each tree-trunk rising out of a small pool of yellow, or purple, or white. There could be no beauty in it.

Photo by *Reid*

The Terrace at Ardgowan

Ardgowan, the Seat of Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart: the Garden from the Tower

Natural Effect

The beautiful spring of a tree-trunk from the turf must not be interfered with. The flowers must spread away from it naturally, and not so as to produce the effect of a ring. The bulbs must be planted with that art which conceals art. They should neither be so close together as to lose the delightful effect of the flower springing out of the green grass, nor should they be dotted about so as to produce a spotty effect. A good plan is to throw the bulbs on the grass in handfuls and to plant them where they fall, and to let the grouping end in outlying spurs, avoiding all appearance of an ordered circle. This plan is practised in St. James's Park, where the spring bulbs have a delightfully natural effect. The best effects are certainly obtained by planting large numbers of the same bulb in one place, rather than by mixing varieties. It is true that where the ground available may only be some space of flat turf which has no particular relation to any large garden picture, a gay and pleasing effect may be gained by powdering it with a mixture of all colours and all varieties; but when there are large trees and wide stretches of grass, especially on undulating ground, the effect to aim at is one which will attract the eye from afar by sheets of colour. For this is how Nature spreads her most vivid carpets, content with the yellow of the buttercup, or the blue of the wild hyacinth, with just her background of green to show them off.

Nature's Carpet

For the particular kind of wild naturalisation I have in my mind the crocus and the daffodil are the best of flowers, because they provide the most natural floral carpets. One could hardly imagine a sheet of red tulips pleasing the eye in a wild place. Nature in her most riotous moods never spreads her floor with scarlet. Nor does the growth of the tulip make that flower suitable for the effect of a spreading sheet of colour, although it is well adapted for less ambitious forms of naturalisation. The crocus will give you carpets of blue and white and gold, but the most beautiful effect of all is that made by great masses of "amber daffodils, Sheeting the floors of April." Everyone will remember Wordsworth's description of the sight that surprised his lonely wandering—

> a crowd,
> A host of golden daffodils;
> Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
> Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
>
> Continuous as the stars that shine
> And twinkle in the milky way,
> They stretched in never-ending line
> Along the margin of a bay;
> Ten thousand saw I at a glance
> Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
>
> The waves beside them danced, but they
> Out-did the sparkling waves in glee;
> A poet could not but be gay,
> In such a jocund company.

THE FIRST TEST MATCH

Photo by *Reinhold Thiele*

M. A. Noble, the Captain of Australia

IN THE ANTIPODES

Photo by *Reinhold Thiele*

P. F. Warner, the English Captain

The LIBRARY.

Life the Undesirable

"The Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India." By J. Campbell Oman. (London: Fisher Unwin. 1903.)

Given the moral dualism of good and evil, and the metaphysical dualism of spirit and matter identified with the former, the result is sure to be asceticism in some form or other, ranging from self-denial to self-torture.

But though the immediate aim of all asceticism is to develop the soul at the expense of the body, the ultimate object of this process varies according to the fundamental beliefs of the ascetic.

In his book Mr. Oman tries to explain the causes which underlie the practice of asceticism in India, and the result is a work which all who are interested in Oriental psychology will read with much pleasure and profit.

Religion, from the very meaning of the word, implies restraint, and from restraint the practice of austerities is gradually derived. The idea of the efficacy of austerities was evolved early in the history of Hinduism; even the gods, says one of the old Brahmānas, were mortal, until by this means they extorted immortality from the Supreme Being. Certain of the demons in the same way attained such power that even the gods were unable to cope with them. Hence the idea that the ascetic has coercive powers over the supernatural world, as the Christian gnostic by means of his formulæ, but this power he utilises for his own extinction.

Behind the gods, the Hindu ascetic believes, is a Supreme Soul of which his own soul is part; to become once more part of this universal soul is his one object. The difference between the two is described in one of the similes so dear to the eastern mind, as the difference between the free water in the bed of a river, and water confined in a caldron: "Water cast loosely on a fire will extinguish the fire; put that water over the fire in a boiler and the fire will evaporise the water. So the body being the confining caldron, and passion the fire, the soul, which is compared to the water, is dispersed abroad."

Not only must the hold of the flesh on the individual soul be weakened by continued austerities and contemplation, but all action must be avoided, since the reward or punishment, which inevitably follows from action, necessitates a future re-incarnation.

The idea that self-mortification is pleasing to the Divine Will is common to many ages and peoples, from the priests of Baal to certain Indians of South America, who rub cayenne pepper in their eyes to propitiate the supernatural powers; but there exists, moreover, a peculiar emotional type to whom suffering in itself appears desirable. In illustration, the author quotes the words of St. Theresa, "Suffering alone can make life tolerable to me. My greatest desire is to suffer. Often and often I cry out to God from the

A Group of Hindoo Ascetics Practising Self-Torture
(From "The Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India")

depths of my soul, 'Either to suffer or to die is all I ask of thee.'" Now the psychological characteristics of the Indian people are, as the author states, "imaginativeness, emotionalism, mysticism, credulity, religious fervour, and impressionability, all in a very exaggerated degree;" it is not surprising, therefore, that in the religion of a people so constituted, self-torture and self-hypnotism, producing a state of ecstasy, interpreted as communion with the Supreme Soul, should play an important part.

Mortification of the flesh is sought in various ways by the different classes of *Sadhu* or ascetics; some keep one or both arms extended above the head until the limbs wither, and can no longer be used; others spend their time sitting or reclining on a board studded with iron nails; others again load themselves with chains, or hang head downwards for long intervals suspended from a tree or frame. Painful purificatory rites are observed, meditation practised in postures which seem to defy all anatomical rules, long pilgrimages, extending over hundreds of miles, are made, during which the *Sadhu* prostrates himself over every inch of the road. One of the peculiarities of Indian asceticism, and in this respect it differs widely from European, is that it is rarely ethical; the ascetic is regarded as above ethical laws, and immorality among certain sects is frequent. This tendency is fostered by the fact that the devotion of the *Sadhu* to the Supreme is often described in the language of human passion, with the result that all manner of obscenities have been introduced. This exaltation of the ascetic above all rules is well seen in the fact that most of the various sects observe no caste distinctions; indeed, the majority of the religious movements in India, from Buddhism onwards, have been directed against the old rigid Brahmanical law of caste.

A Fakir Weighted with Heavy Chains
(From "The Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India")

In addition, the element of personal influence and example in asceticism is so strong that the great ascetic teachers have their own followers. Hence, at one end of the scale we have the Jains, who preach an attenuated form of Buddhism, but maintain their orthodoxy by acknowledging the Hindu gods. These are strict vegetarians. Life is so sacred to them that they wear a veil before their mouths during the performance of their rites, lest some minute insect might be drawn in with their breath, and carefully sweep the ground before sitting down lest they might crush some living thing. At the other end are the disgusting Aghoris, who show their contempt for things material by devouring corpses and practising all manner of abominations.

The author also gives an account of some of the ascetics he has seen and personally interviewed, including a detailed description of a peculiarly unpleasant purificatory rite, after which the *Sadhu*, a *Bairagi*, swung head downwards over a smoky fire for half an hour. Another, "conspicuous on account of having both arms rigidly uplifted above his head," he describes as follows: "When I saw the *Sadhu*, his emaciated arms were apparently quite rigid, and the clenched hands, which were about six inches apart, were particularly painful to look at—wasted and shrunken, with great curved nails growing like bird's claws out of the thin fingers. He had his person rubbed all over with white ashes, and he wore a small loin cloth and a neatly tied turban. His features were long, and the expression of his face agreeable. . . . . He had had his arms up above his head for eight long years, and desired to make no change for a further period of four years, at the end of which time he hoped to restore them to their former state, firstly by presents and feasts to the Brahmans, whose intercession would thus be secured, and secondly by the application of certain emollients with peculiar stimulating properties known to the *Sadhus*."

Good books on the Hindu religion are rare by reason of the excessive complexity of the subject; and the author has certainly performed a useful task in producing a work from which the general reader can obtain a good and accurate idea of the development and meaning of Indian asceticism. One mistake may be mentioned. Mr. Oman appears to think that the doctrine of transmigration was held by the ancient Egyptians. Now, though Herodotus states this, yet there is no internal evidence known to antiquarians which supports this view. As a matter of fact, the balance is against it.

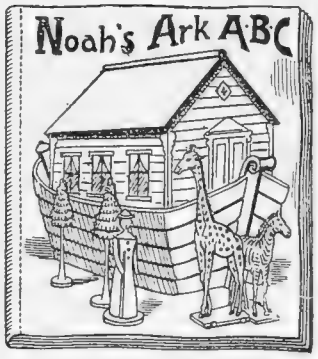
T. A. J.

Some Christmas Books for Children.

"The Other Side." By G. G. Desmond. (Grant Richards.)
"Gay." By the Author of "Laddie." (W. and R. Chambers.)
"A was an Angler." By Stanley Cock. (Dean and Son.)
"Æsop's Fables," "Ten Little Niggers," "Old Mother Hubbard," "There was a Little Man." (Dean and Son, Ltd.)

"The Other Side" is a splendid book for very young children, as, besides being printed in good large type on extra strong paper, it has the advantage of being cleverly and instructively illustrated. The author takes a field on the countryside and endows its inhabitants from the mole to the cow, from the butterfly to the ostrich, with mind and speech. The treatment is rather original, even if the same cannot be said of the idea. The reader is taken into the burrows of the mole and the rabbit, the homes of the wren and other well-known birds; and such a world of affairs is weaved about them as cannot fail to interest young children.

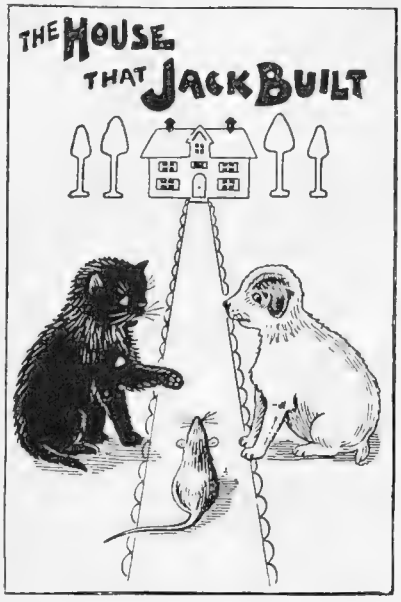
"Gay" is not a book for the very young. It is most feelingly written, although in places all too sorrowful and sad. In the main, it is a tale of the lives of those who live in flats, as so many of us do now. The plot is very slender. Gay, a little boy who lives with his mother, Maisie Frampton, and little sister, in a flat on the same landing as a gentleman called Oliver Bruce, being locked out accidentally one night, is taken by Bruce into his flat. Gay's mother calls for him late at night, and evinces great unwillingness to begin acquaintanceship with Bruce: but some time after, Do, Gay's little sister, is attacked by diphtheria, and then Maisie is constrained to allow Oliver, who has consistently taken great interest in the children, to lodge Gay in the flat. Do, unfortunately dies, and her mother—who, one is led to surmise, has not been very happy in a brief married life, but who is now a widow, presumably earning her living as a pianoforte accompanist—has the misfortune to catch diphtheria too. She goes to hospital with a presentiment that she will die, which presentiment is fulfilled, and, dying, she leaves Oliver Bruce instructions to take Gay to her father's home at Shirley Court. This, after very considerable delay, is done by Oliver, who falls in love with Maisie's pretty sister Juliet. One is justified, from corroborative detail in the last chapter, in assuming that they eventually get married, and although the book ends with the prospect of a wedding and the illustrations are bright and clever, this hardly compensates for the death of two out of the five chief characters. There are a few amusing incidental minor characters, notably Oliver's old nurse — afterwards his housekeeper in the flat—who relieve the pathos of this tale a little, but only a little.



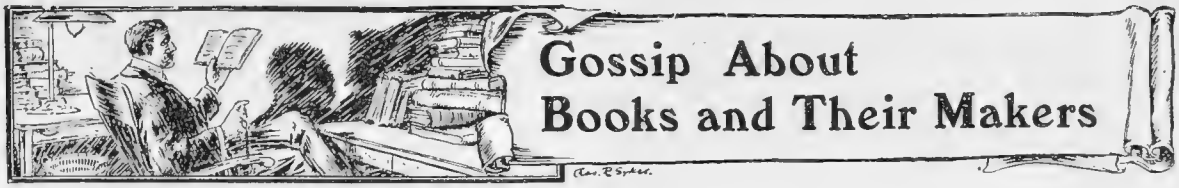
"A was an Angler," as its name tells, is an alphabetical picture-book. The skilful drawings represent mankind under varied conditions, such as — saving their bright colours — would be rather obscure to children in the early orthographical stage of existence. Womankind is represented by one, and only one, chubby little girl—which is sad.

"Æsop's Fables" is an old friend quite capable of being studied with advantage by others than mere children. The illustrations have plenty of movement, and are attractive.

"Ten Little Niggers" is bright, pretty, and more original than ever. "Old Mother Hubbard" comes to us again in what is called the "Funny Face Series." An oval piece is cut out of the outside cover of the book and every page as well, and a face *in relievo* is fixed on the inside of the back cover, supplying the countenance to all illustrations, so that notwithstanding the many and varying incidents in the life of her unruly dog, Mother Hubbard's face always wears the same expression.



Another pretty effort of the same kind appears in "There was a Little Man and He Had a Little Gun." Here the one face, an extremely merry one, belongs, at the same time, to the "Jolly Miller on the Dee" and to a man whose wife has just had a dreadful accident on her honeymoon trip. The drawings are quaintly executed by Yoshio Martino. J. E. A.



Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who claims, we believe, to have produced more than two hundred books already, is still busily engaged in adding to the list. His "Christmas Days with Boz," which Messrs. Chatto have in the press (and on this topic he cannot fail to be interesting) will be followed by a volume on the famous Douglas case, which caused great stir and excitement in Scotland nearly a century and a half ago. The Douglas case furnishes a strange parallel to the sensational trial of the Polish countess, which took place in Berlin towards the end of last month. The facts, as most people know them, are briefly these: The Lady Jane Douglas, in spite of wealth and beauty, remained single until her forty-eighth year, and then secretly married a soldier of fortune. Two years later, while on the Continent, she presented twins to her family as her own children, but her brother, the Duke of Douglas, declined to recognise them, alleging that both children had been procured from French parents for the purpose of fraud. One of the twins, and Lady Jane herself, died before the case was brought to the Scottish Courts upon the death of the Duke. The surviving son, Alexander Douglas, claimed the title and the vast estates accompanying it, but the case, after lasting five years, went against him. Then he appealed to the House of Lords, which two years later decided in his favour, and in due course he became the ancestor of the present holder of the title. Mr. Fitzgerald, whose book will be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, enters minutely into all the circumstances of the case, and holds the opinion that the Scottish Court was right in giving its verdict against Archibald Douglas. Some portions of his work have already appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Photo by] **Lord Avebury** [*Russell*

Who is publishing a new volume of essays directly

Lord Avebury

Lord Avebury, who has a new volume of essays coming out through Messrs. Macmillan very shortly, long ago proved how false was Emerson's statement that the only books in which bankers were interested were their ledgers. There is another instance of this in Dr. Thomas Hodgkin—"a modern Gibbon," as Lord Avebury once described him—whose historical works will be remembered long after his record as a banker at Newcastle-on-Tyne is forgotten. Lord Avebury's own books have had an immense circulation, especially his well-known "Pleasures of Life," the two parts of which, between them, have just reached their 369th thousand in this country alone, besides appearing in over thirty foreign editions. Lord Avebury confessed, on one public occasion, that he had not escaped severe criticism. It may be remembered that in one of his books, while stating that kissing was the universal language of affection, he made the important exception that negroes alone never kissed. This, it seems, brought a fierce denunciation from a negro of St. Domingo, who protested against the accusation, and expressed his determination to drink the author's blood for his monstrous slander of the black man! To the general public Lord Avebury is probably still better known as Sir John Lubbock—the man who was the means of adding two bank holidays to those already existing in 1871.

Mr. Stephen Phillips

The dramatic literature of the New Year will be richer than usual with a new play by Mr. Stephen Phillips, as well as Mr. Thomas Hardy's drama, *The Dynasts*, both of which are to come from Messrs. Macmillan. Since the appearance of Mr. Phillips's "Poems" in 1897, when the *Academy* awarded the book its prize of a hundred guineas, nearly

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. Stephen Phillips

eighty thousand copies of his works have been sold, a record which few living poets can equal. *Paolo and Francesca*, written at the suggestion of Mr. George Alexander in 1899, is still his most popular book. The poet strayed into literature by a devious path. The son of Mr. Stephen Phillips, Precentor of Peterborough Cathedral, he was destined for the Civil Service, but the arrival of the travelling company of his cousin, Mr. Frank Benson, during his second term at Cambridge, upset these plans completely. Throwing up his University career he joined his kinsman's Shakespearean company, and spent six years upon the boards, his best piece of acting, perhaps, being as the ghost in *Hamlet*. Then he abandoned the stage, and became a teacher at an Army crammer's near London. It was not long after this that he scored his first literary success with *Christ in Hades* and his subsequent series of triumphs with *Paola*, *Herod* and *Ulysses* is too well known to be recapitulated. Perhaps the most delightful work he has as yet produced, speaking from a lyrical point of view, is his poem entitled "Marpessa." This work has in it all the true poetical beauty of thought, coupled with a fertile and vivid imagination. From the first line "Wounded with beauty in the summer night" to the last, "Into the evening green they wandered away," the poem is packed with the richest language and ideas.

George Meredith as a Journalist

It is not generally known that our greatest living man of letters was a journalist for a time. Mr. George Meredith, than whom no author of our day shows less trace of journalistic looseness in his creative work, edited, between the years 1859 and 1865, the *Ipswich Journal* by a somewhat curious arrangement. It would be impossible to-day to pursue his leisurely methods. Then, as now, he resided at his cottage in Surrey, whence he despatched to Ipswich each week one or two leading articles and a couple of columns of notes, in which he gave a summary and a running commentary on the news of the week. The wearing worries of "going to press" were thus avoided, and what the paper lost in freshness it more than gained in finish. Oddly enough, Mr. Meredith, who is essentially a Radical, had to write from a Tory point of view, as happens not infrequently to workers in newspaper-land. At this time, when, be it remembered, the novelist was at work on such masterpieces as "Evan Harrington" and "Rhoda Fleming," he also contributed articles on social and literary topics to the *Morning Post*.

Photo by *Thomson*

Mr. George Meredith

Sir James Knowles

Apropos of the honour which has been conferred upon the editor of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, there is a very happy hit at Sir James's methods of editing his celebrated review in "My Lady Nicotine." Mr. Barrie makes the irrepressible "Jimmy" amuse himself by writing sarcastic letters to the editors of well-known periodicals, assuming their positions to be reversed, and Jimmy the editor instead of the rejected contributor. To "Mr. James Knowles, Brick Lane, Spitalfields," he writes as follows:—"Dear sir,—I regret to have to return the enclosed paper, which is not quite suitable for the *Nineteenth Century*. I find that articles by unknown men, however good in themselves, attract little attention. I enclose list of contributors for next month, including, as you will observe, seven members of the upper circles, and remain, your obedient servant, J. Moggridge, Editor *Nineteenth Century*."

Mr. Jack London

Mr. Jack London is one of the most promising writers of to-day, and his new book on the East End, entitled "The People of the Abyss," is attracting much attention at present, but it is in no sense comparable with that remarkable work of his which appeared in the spring, "The Call of the Wild." Most of my readers will be familiar with that wonderful story of a dog that reverted to type and answered the wild instincts of its nature. Its author, who was born in San Francisco no further back than 1876, has led a life of adventure in the "free and bounteous West" such as the romantic spirit of R. L. S. would have rejoiced in.

Photo by *Russell*

Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry

Who writes "The Bystander" notes in *The Graphic*

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald

"The Call of the Wild" in Reality

As one of the many instances in which a work of fiction has been afterwards justified by fact, I may mention that some months after Mr. London's book had won its way to fame, it was reported that in Patagonia a number of sheep dogs, imported from Scotland for the use of shepherds in that far land, had somehow been allowed to run wild, and, taking to the woods, they multiplied in numbers until there are now packs of them which harry the sheep their progenitors had been intended to protect. It is said that these collies who have thus obeyed the call of the wild are, in their superior cunning, more formidable foes than the wolves!

The First "Bystander"

There are more reasons than one why THE BYSTANDER is interested in Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry, who represents all that is gay and *débonnair* in contemporary letters. Mr. Ashby-Sterry is now one of the oldest of the established favourites whose pens enliven the pages of *The Graphic* week by week, and there his own particular corner has long been at the sign of "The Bystander," with a line from the immortal Captain Cuttle for motto. Thus, in a sense, he is our own godfather, and THE BYSTANDER delights to honour one who has endowed it with so valued a possession as a name, and especially a name which Mr. Ashby-Sterry has made synonymous with brightness and sprightliness. Mr. Ashby-Sterry is a thorough Londoner, knowing the town as few men know it, and the Thames from source to sea. Like his old friend, the late G. A. Sala, he began life as an artist and was only a youth when *Punch* admitted his drawings to its classic pages. But a dainty turn for *vers de société* and light fiction drew him into the pleasant paths of authorship, and in time the pencil was abandoned for the pen.

J. A. H.

A Motto and Some Christmas Gifts

Christmas is verily upon us, and although at the moment of writing the weather can only be described as unspeakable, yet all the world is hithering and thithering in pursuit of Christmas gifts, and dear old Santa Claus is kept busy harnessing innumerable reindeer. The streets are full, and as some of the roads are up, traffic is hampered. We are so used to these upheavals, however, that on the whole, we remain quite good-tempered. Another sign of Christmas is that the street organs have been favouring us with "Adeste Fideles." There is, in fact, no escaping from the influence and "atmosphere" of Christmas, and so to-day I must needs write of Christmas, and of Christmas gifts, alone. As regards the bestowal of gifts, I can think of no more fitting and delightful words than these of George Herbert:—

"Find out men's wants, and meet them there;
All other joyes go lesse
To the one joye of doing kindnesse."

That is the motto, and bearing it in mind we shall not go far wrong in our choice of gifts. Presents should be well considered, not haphazard. For instance, if you happen to meet a friend, when Christmas is at hand, with a shabby card-case or purse, make a mental note of that fact, and do not give her a photo-frame. Half the fun of the fair lies in the finding out, either by observation or by more stealthy methods, just what your friend will most appreciate. And what an infinite range of choice there is—from a mere hat-pin at a shilling (pretty and handy, too), to lace, furs, or jewellery, running into three figures.

Jewellery

Talking of jewellery reminds me of some delights I saw at Joseph Heming and Company's (28, Conduit Street, W.) the other day. They have brought out this year some new "orchid" trinkets in enamel—sheeny and of delicate mauves and tints reproducing the real flower. Lovely as these specimens are, they would have to be given with discrimination. A hot Free-trader might "snort" at an orchid. You can get two varieties—the *Odontoglossum* and the *Cattleya*—either in the form of brooch, pendant, or pin, each at the very moderate price of £2 10*s*. The flower is just set with one diamond, and in the case of the pendant, which is particularly dainty, it appears in a circle of gold; while as a safety brooch it is mounted in the centre of a bar of gold and flanked with two pearls. Another brooch design in which these orchids appear includes two diamonds and a rich enamel border. This kind costs £4 4*s*. I noticed, also, some darling shamrock brooches, with pearl ends, the shamrock of coloured enamel (green, red, or electric blue) with a diamond centre. These were £2 2*s*. Another novelty at Heming's is the lucky "White Heather" brooch or pendant, carried out in green and white enamel. The brooch spray has a tiny diamond tie, and costs £3 15*s*.; the pendant, a smaller spray set with one diamond and arranged in a gold ring, is £1 15*s*. The "Christmas Bell" design (brooch or pendant) will also be a favourite. The bell, of gold and pearl or gold and platinum, is fixed by an enamel bow (green or red) to a gold merry-thought. If the bell is of platinum it costs £3; if of gold £2 17*s*. 6*d*.

For the Antiquary

This shop was altogether very alluring. I was much interested in some bowls which were modern reproductions, in solid silver, of antique designs. One, a kylix, or fruit-stand, was of a plain and elegant design, and had two wishbone handles. It had been copied from the White Vase found at Athens, and signed by the potter Sotades, B.C. 500. Then there was a set of three dessert dishes, called the "Samian," because the originals were excavated in the Island of Samos. These dishes were of somewhat complex design, and each provided with three handles. The smaller size cost £3 12*s*. 6*d*.; the larger, £9 9*s*. A third example was a reproduction of the Polledrara Brazier, dating B.C. 600, and found in Polledrara's tomb, near Vulci, in Etruria, equally moderate in price and unique in design.

Toys and More Gifts

I have also seen the Christmas Bazaar at Shoolbred's (Tottenham Court Road), a walk through which provides a dream of surprises. There is a most gorgeous and extensive display of toys, from dollies costing a few pence to clever and luxurious mechanical toys which represent pounds sterling. Children become delirious with joy at the sight of the tempting array, and we grown-ups are every bit as bad. The tiny models of real furniture for nurseries and children's bedrooms are lovely—wardrobes, chests of drawers, washstands and the like, all of a size within the reach of the children; cooking-stoves of like proportions, and everything else you can imagine on a small scale, yet large enough for realism. I even saw a cashier's office in a bank, safes, stools, and all the appurtenances thereof; also a schoolroom desk of correct pattern and colour. In various other parts of this wonderful house you can get delightful presents of every kind. A really modish present this season will be an aluminium chafing-dish, since chafing-dish suppers after the theatre have become *le dernier cri*, and these may be bought in small or large sizes and at various prices.

E. M. E.

A Warning to Children who go to Fancy Dress Balls

Don't go as a "Rat" to a Ball,
Like a silly young boy from Vauxhall:
He arrived in the Fog,
On the mat was a Dog,
Who swallowed him up, tail and all.

Drawn by Hilda Cowham

Rats!

Bird's-eye View of Perugia

ANCIENT PERUGIA

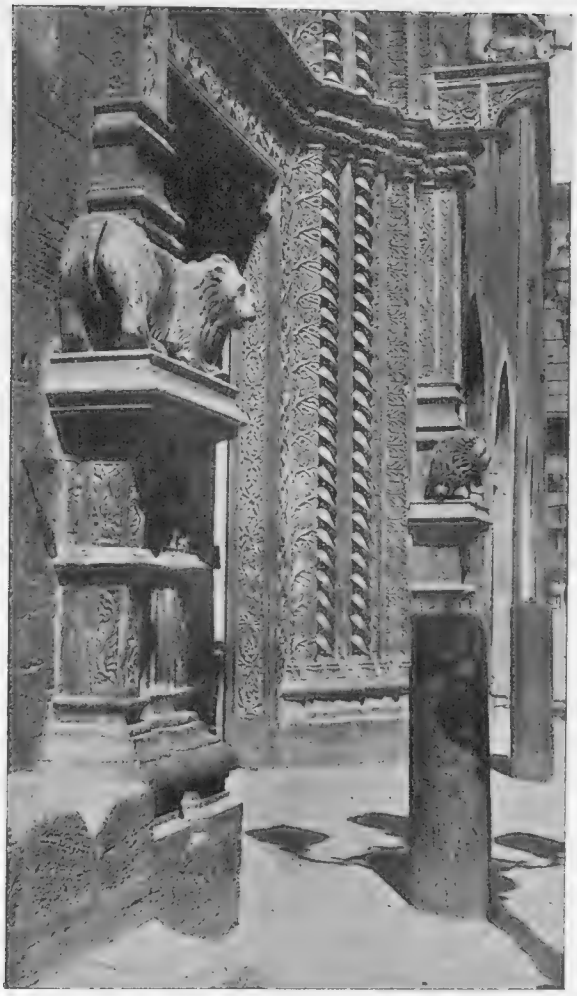
A PLACE WHEREIN TO SPEND A QUIET WEEK

Perugia, as once said Dean Alford, is "the Nüremberg of Italy." And, indeed, even in Italy, with its numerous cities preserving their mediæval surroundings, Perugia remains probably less affected by time than any other. Standing on a steep hill, even as the weary traveller in search for rest and quietness approaches it, one would see it almost as though looking upon a set scene in a play, for in the "raging, tearing propaganda" of our modern surroundings, it seems incongruous to find one's self amid a city whos walls and palaces stand as though they were originall set up by the Romans.

But, seriously, leaving rhetoric aside, Perugia is, t those who know it, the most restful, and certainly one the most delightful, spots in all Italy. Wherever you g you are brought face to face with monuments of i ancient grandeur, and you can quite imagine th scenes which took place when it was devastate

The Famous Arch of Augustus

Which has known siege by the Romans, the Goths, the Austrians, and the Piedmontese, and still stands firm



Perugia—Entrance Gateway to the Palazzo Pubblico

A Gothic Edifice dating from A.D. 1281

Perugia—Entrance Gateway to the Palazzo Pubblico

by the Goths under Totila, or undergoing the vicissitudes of fortune until its union with Pope Julius II. Lovers of art—that art distinguished by its presentation of profound, whole-hearted devotion—are at the fountain-head of the Umbrian School of Perugia. There is a very good English hotel, The Grand, where visitors can obtain inexpensive apartments and find an excellent board; and yet it is a resort much neglected by English people, who only visit it *en route* to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Francis d'Assisi near by.

The Archway of St. Peter

A piece of solid masonry in the most perfect state of preservation

Our Short Story

THE SWISS OF BASLE STATION

By MARK KISSING

When Edith and I decided upon Switzerland wherein to spend our honeymoon, my friend, Bobby Woods, who knows the Continent thoroughly, and especially Switzerland, strongly advised us not to.

"If you go there," he said, "you'll be sure to get into trouble. Mark my words!"

"Trouble!" we both exclaimed in chorus. "What kind of trouble?"

"Oh, the police or something like that!" he answered.

"Nonsense!" said Edith.

"You must not judge us by yourself, Bobby," I added reprovingly. "You, generally speaking, are disorderly. We are not."

Bobby was my best man, and I felt I could speak to him as I wished. On this occasion he was decisive.

"I've never been in Switzerland yet, but I've been in some kind of a dust-up, and I've never met anyone yet who hasn't. You'll see if you go!"

We laughed scornfully.

We wanted to go to Switzerland because we had heard so much of its wonderful scenery. Edith and I like a proper setting for a picture, and we both decided that for our honeymoon, Switzerland—dear, quiet, subdued Switzerland, who communes, so to speak, with Nature, and is set like a bright jewel on this grim earth—was the setting for us.

We took the beaten track. That is to say, we stayed a day or two in Paris and then got on the night mail through from the Gare de l'Est. A curious coincidence occurred there. Edith preceded me to the *wagon-lits* to deposit her cloak, while I examined the bookstall for likely literature. When I followed her up the platform I discovered her walking side by side with a man who bore a strong resemblance to myself. As I got near she suddenly discovered her mistake and came to me blushing.

"I thought it was you, Ernest," she explained, "and I asked him if he had got the tickets."

"You might know me well enough by this time," I said a little sulkily, "and not mix me up with strange men. Besides, he has got much more of a turn-up nose than I have."

"Now you mention it," she replied, "he has. But his voice was like yours, too, rather."

"So you have been talking to him!"

"As I told you, I asked him about the tickets. His reply was curious. He said, 'Where for?' 'Why, Lucerne, of course,' I replied; and then it struck me as a funny question for you to ask me—glanced up and saw to my horror he was a stranger. Fortunately, just then you appeared."

"Probably he thought you were someone else too," I answered, and with that dismissed the young man from my thoughts.

We retired to gather what sleep was possible between the intervals of tickets and customs, and Edith, with a woman's curiosity, told me that my double was in the next door sleeping compartment.

At Basle, where we arrived next morning at about seven o'clock, I took a stroll up and down the platform—Basle station consists of one very lengthy and straggling platform—for the purpose of smoking a cigarette and stretching my legs. I looked to see if my double of the night before were about, but he was nowhere in evidence, and on my return I found he had alighted at the frontier. Instead, however, I suddenly came face to face with a man who favoured me with a long and inquisitive stare. I judged him to be a Swiss from the bad cut of his clothes. He wore his waistcoat very low, and to fill up the gap, since apparently he did not patronise a linen shirt, a big made-up black tie, into which was thrust an enormous scarf-pin, made of a cameo, and mounted on a brass setting. His hands were coarse and dirty, though he indulged in a diamond ring as well as a two days' beard. He was smoking a very rank-smelling German cigar, and his brown slouch hat half covered his eyes. Altogether, he was as unprepossessing a Swiss as you could wish not to see. He seemed to follow me up and down the platform, and noted carefully that I entered the *wagon-lits* when the signal to restart was given.

By the time we had reached Lucerne all memory of him had faded from my mind, and my attention was fully occupied in obtaining possession of our trunks and in attempting to explain the disappearance of a small package belonging to my wife, an explanation attended with considerable difficulty; for the hotel and the station porters appeared not to understand a word of English or French, while I was at a loss to grasp their rough *patois*. I then chanced to look round for help. A few yards off, leaning negligently against the counter where the traveller surrenders his luggage receipt in exchange for his

goods, was my earlier acquaintance, still sucking a cigar and squinting at me out of a corner of his eye. A bright idea struck me; perhaps he was a courier wanting employment.

"Do you speak English?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"*Parlez-vous francais?*" I continued.

He shook his head again. I was irritated, and this inquisitiveness—for it could be nothing else—did not smooth me. I do not speak German, but I can air a few words learned from a guide-book.

"*Was wünschen Sie?*" I asked him.

"*Nichts*," was the reply, in the deep, guttural, Swiss-German. "*Aber. . . Ich spreche Spanierien.*"

He spoke Spanish! Why Spanish? What a peculiar language for a Swiss who had no linguistic accomplishments to boast of! Spanish! and his delivery was even more peculiar. There was a sinister suggestion about it, as if to insinuate that I spoke Spanish too. I turned my back on him, but the next moment I was startled to feel a light tap on my shoulder, and wheeled round, to find myself confronting this extraordinarily inquisitive Swiss.

"*Mein Herr!*" he drawled, puffing his cigar in my face. "*Haben Sie verstehen? Ich spreche Spanieren!*"

"I don't care if you do!" I retorted.

"*Ach!*" His dirty face assumed a most impertinent grin. Indeed, he seemed amused at my remark. Fortunately, at the moment Edith—who had been in search of an interpreter—returned successful, and the missing package was eventually restored. The man puffed at his foul-smelling cigar, and continued to watch me with an amused smile, as though I were some freak.

Indeed, his attentions were becoming a nuisance, and all the way in the hotel omnibus, till we reached our destination, I sat silent and glum. To the end that man had not taken his eyes off me, and I wondered why.

But I felt quite affable after a bath and a change of clothes. Then Edith suggested a stroll, and soon we came upon a delightful out-of-door *café* near at hand, celebrated for its wines of the country, and where the band of the Blue Hungarians discoursed ethereal music meanwhile. I proposed we should test its culinary powers, and we went in.

The waiters invited us with hospitable bows and much dusting of chairs to take a table. The *menu* was excellent, the company cosmopolitan, and the band—I need hardly state—unsurpassable.

I may say truly that we lunched well, and felt at peace. I was enjoying my coffee with a most fragrant Havana, when I chanced to look up at the erstwhile empty table. Seated there, and apparently keeping me under surveillance, was the Swiss of Basle platform.

I could almost have sunk through the earth. This man was fast becoming a blight on my existence. The smile on my lips froze, and I glared at him angrily; in return, he regarded me placidly, in no wise abashed. I determined this form of persecution should end once for all. I beckoned the waiter.

"You see that man?" I said, indicating the table in question.

The waiter—discreet as becomes one of his following—looked cautiously in the direction I pointed.

"Yes, sare."

"Go to him and ask him from me why he stares at me. Tell him I resent it, and the lady resents it, that I won't stand it."

The waiter looked surprised: he appealed mutely to Edith.

"What is the matter, Ernest dear?" my wife asked, alarmed at my vehemence.

"Never mind. This is something you don't understand," I said, in the superior tone the male sometimes finds it convenient to assume. "Go on, *garçon*, and say what I tell you."

With a little deprecatory shrug of his shoulders, the waiter performed his errand. I was determined to bring matters to a head; but, fortunately, the Swiss accepted the situation. With a polite bow to Edith, and a cheerful smile playing on his lips, he withdrew. I immediately called the waiter back.

"What did he say, *garçon?*"

"He say he 'ad no wish to offend ze lady, but he say ze fault is Monsieur's."

"Mine? How?"

"He say I am to tell Monsieur zat he should not deny he can speak Spanish."

I was thoroughly puzzled. What on earth did the man mean? This was the third time he had made some remark about speaking Spanish.

"But why do you mind about him so much?" asked Edith. "He seemed harmless enough."

Women are difficult subjects to palm a story on to unless it hinge on their vanity. Then there is no limit to their belief.

"The truth is, dear," I said, lowering my voice, "I was obliged to object to that man because ever since he first saw you at Basle he has followed you about. At the station I could hardly shake him off, and then he came here just to feast his eyes on you. I think he has fallen in love with you."

"Horrid man!" exclaimed Edith indignantly, though at heart she was not displeased, "and I never even gave him a glance!"

"No, but these foreigners want looking after," I said. "However, he knew very well I saw through his little game, and I hope you won't be bothered with him again."

Edith put her head on one side in a little manner that always, as she knows, is effective with me.

"You love me?" she asked: and under the table we indulged in a gentle hand squeeze. Edith says the subsequent events that followed would not have occurred had I not deceived her; but the fact was I was in a perfect fog as regards this mysterious individual, and he soon began to alarm me.

It was useless attempting to blink at facts, and before long I realised that, for some purpose or another, this Swiss was keeping me under surveillance. He waited outside the hotel of a morning till I appeared, when he kept me well guarded. My honeymoon was rapidly being spoiled. I felt nervous and unable to settle down. One day we climbed the Rigi, and on the steamboat, among the third class passengers, I was certain I caught his evil eye. On the Stanzerhorn, which we visited together with a party of tourists, I could have sworn he was gazing at me from behind a pillar at the hotel. Another day I am sure

he pointed me out to a companion as ill-favoured as himself on the funicular ascending Mount Pilatus. Of these continual encounters I said no word to Edith, but my gloomy air and subdued manner convinced her something was wrong.

One day, to my surprise—for she had never desisted from singing the praises of Lucerne—she proposed we should move on elsewhere.

"Let us go to Venice," she suggested.

My spirits rose at the prospect. "I thought you were so infatuated with Lucerne."

"So I was, but——"

Ah, that "but"! Did she know my trouble?

"Well?" I said with an attempt at a smile. "'But me no buts.' If you like staying here, so do I."

"You are not happy, Ernest. Your appetite has disappeared. You look unwell." She proceeded to enter into a lengthy account of my symptoms, and meanwhile my brain was swiftly working on a problem.

"Let us go to-morrow, dear," Edith wound up.

"As you please," I said, "only I was thinking of walking along the lakeside to-morrow to Fluelen. Ah, I have it! Fluelen lies, you know, at the other end of the lake, and the train stops there on its way to Milan. I will get the steamer to Vitznau nearly half-way and walk the remainder of the distance and meet you there."

"Very well," said Edith, pleased to get her own way apparently. "But why cannot I come with you?"

"No," I said decisively. "You would be too done up. We have a long journey before us, and, besides, I want you to look after the luggage."

So it was decided, and with my wife taking one direction openly, and myself slipping off in another, I hoped to avoid this obtrusive man. As I look back now I marvel that I did not exterminate the offensive creature, but the truth is he completely unnerved me by his insidious method of procedure. I could not converse with him, as I neither spoke German nor Spanish.

That night Edith and I paid a visit to the casino, and strayed into the gambling-room, where *petits chevaux* were in full swing. A motley crowd gathered round the tables and lost their francs with equanimity. Edith induced me to try my fortune, and as a chair was vacant I took it and punted. My luck was, naturally, out: I lost *en plein*, and, trying to recover with the full stake allowed—a louis—lost again.

The crowd began to cluster round, as it always does when someone punts, although, as a matter of fact, one can lose nothing serious at *petits chevaux* with a louis limit. In a short time I had exhausted the ready money in my pockets, and in obedience to Edith's entreaty was about to give up the unsatisfactory business, when I felt a smart tap on the shoulder.

I turned round to find my acquaintance of the last few days as imperturbable as ever. Furiously I turned on him, my indignation having reached bursting point.

"Why did you touch me, you scoundrel? I'll teach you to interfere with an Englishman," I cried; and, with this dashed my fist full in his face. He fell like a log.

Wild confusion ensued. The game ceased abruptly. Men and women trampled on one another in their eagerness to behold the fray. Cries for the police were heard on all sides, and two stalwart men seized my unresisting hands and held on to me. "A sharper!" I heard whispered.

"A sharper!" I cried, glaring round. "I should like to see the man who dares to call me so!"

"Why did you strike that man?" put in a Swiss, who had been earnestly engaged in conversation with my adversary, now stemming the blood from his nose.

"Because he tapped me on the shoulder."

"That is no excuse. You had no right to strike him. He was doing his duty in accosting you."

"For the last week," I exclaimed, "this man has followed me about, not letting me out of his sight, intruding himself upon me whenever opportunity occurred. What right had he to do that?"

But at that moment a couple of *gendarmes* appeared upon the scene. They gravely saluted the injured man. He pointed to me, and spoke a few sharp words of command. In an instant a pair of handcuffs were clapped on me. I gave a glance round for Edith. She was standing near by, pale, but determined.

"Go to the manager of the hotel," I whispered quickly, "and tell him they have arrested me for assaulting a man, and ask him to come and bail me out. Don't be alarmed; I shall be back with you in an hour's time."

But I wasn't.

I was led to the police station, and thrown roughly and unceremoniously into a cell. I waited fuming, expecting every moment to hear the cell door unlocked, but, alas! in vain. I heard afterward that the manager of the hotel went to bail me out but heard that I was wanted on a most serious charge and that on no account would the police liberate me. Edith asked what the charge was, but was abruptly refused information. A visit to the vice-consul had no effect at that hour, and after ringing and knocking at his house for some time, they had to give up the idea.

The next morning, however, that gentleman appeared, in company with the *commissaire de police*. The fat and affable vice-consul was a Swiss, and entirely, as he put it, 'at my disposition.' I poured out my complaint into his patient ears: and the night's incarceration had, naturally, not tended to conciliate me.

"What right had these police to parade me through the streets as though I were a criminal?" I exclaimed. "After all, the most I did was to assault a police officer of whose identity I was ignorant. The hotel manager offered bail, and what business had the police to refuse it? And what right had the detective to dog my footsteps, for I have broken no laws?"

The two heard me out quietly and exchanged a few words in German.

"Haf you a passport?" asked the consul.

"A passport? No!"

"Is there anyone here knows you?"

"No. I am a stranger. I and my wife are upon our honeymoon tour."

The consul shrugged his shoulders.

"Haf you a letter of credit?" he asked; "anything to establish your identity?"

"No," I said, puzzled, "but go to my wife. She will bear out my story. What is the need of all this formality, sir? If I have broken the law in thrashing that objectionable Swiss, I am willing to compensate him in cash. It surely isn't such a serious matter, and I have already spent a night in this foul cell, while my poor wife must be half distracted."

"It is more serious than you tink," replied the consul. "The police declare you are a notorious swindler, wanted by ze police in Brazil. They received an intimation that he hat left Paris the other evening, procured a ticket for Luzern, and ze detective you assaulted vas ordered to look out for him. If you can prove there is a mistake——"

"It is a mistake," I interrupted hotly. "I was never in Brazil in my life! Why should they think I am someone else?"

"The resemblance. Will *M. le Commissaire* permit me?" The vice-consul received from the *chef de police* a photograph, and handed it to me. There certainly was a resemblance, close enough to deceive any ordinary person. And I seemed to know the features. Then suddenly I placed them. It was the man who got on the train with us at Paris. I handed back the photograph.

"Mr. Consul, the Lucerne police have made a very bad mistake," I said, "and they shall pay for it. That man is no more me than he is you."

"It is for you to prove zat," replied the consul. "You forget zat you were known to be on ze train, and with a ticket purchased for Luzern. This, added to ze—well—curious similitude of ze photograph fully justifies the police in zare action. Eef you can explain various matters——"

"I will explain anything."

"Vy did you order the detective out of your presence at the Restaurant du Lac a few days ago?"

I sat dumfoundered. I could not give the real explanation—that the man scared me—yet, seen in the light of later events, it was evidently suspicious The vice-consul and the *chef de police* rose. There seemed to be nothing more to say. I was apparently to be kept in prison till I could give a satisfactory account of myself, and the inquiry would take some days. I became desperate and laid a restraining hand on the vice-consul's arm.

"As you are," I said in impressive tones, "his Britannic Majesty's representative here, I desire to say, sir, that I have been wrongfully arrested, and when you have made inquiries you will perceive this to be the case. I shall then not only demand an apology, but substantial damages from the Swiss Government; for instead of asking me to give a full explanation of myself, and keeping me under watch till they got it, they took this high-handed proceeding of arresting me in public and throwing me into the common jail. So much for the *commissaire de police!*"

I paused to note the effect of my words. His Britannic Majesty's representative looked grave; he stroked his beard.

"What does he say?" asked the *commissaire*.

My words were repeated in German. The *commissaire* looked also grave. It was clear that they began to have some qualms as to whether their action would be justified.

"Finally, Mr. Vice-Consul," I said with some *empressement*, "I beg leave to inform you that I have some influence in official circles, and I shall take care they know the attitude the British vice-consul adopts towards English subjects unfortunate enough to get arrested."

These last words aroused him.

"How?" he cried. "What haf I done? Haf I not heard your story and advised you of ze law?" He gesticulated vehemently and with great vigour.

"It is not what you have done, but what you have not done," I retorted. "You are here to protect us, and not to play the part of an examining counsel. You must get me freed immediately. You hear me, sir—immediately!"

I folded my arms, and looked him squarely in the face. I had drawn my bow at a venture, but it had struck home.

'Come," said the vice-consul to his companion, "let us leave the Herr for a few minutes and discuss this business."

Alone once more, I paced the floor of my cell triumphantly. I had placed a poser before these men. My reference to friends in official circles had hit its mark, and I smiled as I thought of the "official" friends.

Suddenly my cell door was hastily thrown open, and the jailer bade me follow him. I did so smiling. The name of Great Britain had overawed these bourgeois Swiss, and I only regretted that I had not thought of utilising it before. I was ushered into the court-house, and then the first person I encountered was Edith, who flung herself into my arms and sobbed in rapture.

"*Monsieur*," said the *commissaire de police*, "you are free."

"Ah!" I nodded to the vice-consul.

"It appears," resumed the magistrate, "that you are not the person we suspected you to be. That individual has been arrested, from a telegram lately received, at Aix."

My smile somewhat disconcerted the vice-consul and the *chef de police*.

"What compensation are you prepared to offer me for this false imprisonment, *M. le Commissaire?*" I said significantly.

"Nay. What compensation are you prepared to offer for assaulting this detective?" said the *commissaire*.

I had overlooked this.

"Perhaps we may call it quits," I suggested.

And with that Edith, the British vice-consul, and I, were bowed out of the police-station.

"Oh, Edith!" I exclaimed a few moments later, "we can at least enjoy our stay here for the remainder of the time."

"What?" returned my better half excitedly. "Do you think I would spend another hour in this hateful town?"

And, sure enough, thirty minutes later we were on our way to Venice. But we agreed on one thing. We decided Bobby should not hear of our trouble with the police; and unless he sees these lines he never will. And even they are hidden under a *nom de plume*. How he would crow if he knew!

The Iris Maiden

Dear Lady Disdain

THE HEDGE SPARROW

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT

Somewhere outside in the sunshine a girl's voice was singing a soft little twittering song. Lord Farringford finished his last mouthful of beef-tea and looked out of the window. On the smooth lawn below, a small brown bird was hunting busily for food. It paused in its search at that moment, and, looking up, swelled its minute brown throat in a musical little burst of song.

"*Accentor modularis*," said Lord Farringford, who was something of a naturalist; adding, a moment later, with an air of concession to the ignorance of a world which might not recognise the small brown bird under so scientific a name, "the Hedge Sparrow."

He sat watching the bird from the easy depths of his great chair. His eyes were thoughtful, his grim old face was a shade less grim than usual. As he pursued his reflections, whatever they were, the door opened and a soft step crossed the room.

Lord Farringford turned a little in his chair.

"So you've come in, nurse," he said severely. "It was you, I suppose, that I heard singing out there just now?"

She stood before him with a quaint little air of a child caught in mischief. Her brown uniform matched her eyes, and a crinkle of brown hair showed under the rigid little bonnet. Her pale cheeks were flushed with delicate colour, which did not escape the sharp eyes of the old man in the big chair.

"Oh," she said apologetically, "it was so lovely out there—I couldn't help it, really. I didn't know you'd hear. I hope it didn't disturb you?"

Lord Farringford could look very grim at times, as his family knew: he looked very grim now, though there was a telltale twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes—it disturbed me very much. I was drinking my beef-tea in an extremely bad temper, and you disturbed it."

She looked up with a little smile—the very smallest smile in the world.

"The beef-tea, my lord?" she said softly, "or the bad temper?"

"Both," said Lord Farringford, with severity

There was silence for a moment.

"Come here!" he said presently.

She came a little closer. Her brown eyes were gay with laughter; a sunbeam caught her brown hair and made it shine. The old man looked at her and sighed.

"You are a very provoking person," he said. "Why do you come in here, to remind an old man drinking beef-tea—very badly made beef-tea, too; I hope you gave my message to Mrs. Jenkins, that she is to give warning to that—ahem!—ahem!—that cook—well, why do you come here, as I said before, to remind an old man drinking a peculiarly horrible form of filth known as beef-tea, that it is the first day of spring, and you are twenty-five, and he is eighty-two?"

The tears came suddenly into the brown eyes that watched him.

"I'm so sorry!" she said earnestly.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, of course! What good does that do, I should like to know?"

"And I'm not twenty-five," she said, with conscientious candour. "I'm twenty-seven and a-half—and a little bit——"

Lord Farringford's eyes surveyed her accusingly.

"You're the most disgracefully young person I ever saw in my life," he said. "Twenty-seven and a-half—and a little bit. I don't believe in your little bit—so there! Take it off at once—it's a horrid imposition."

"It's not," she said stoutly.

Lord Farringford laughed. It was so long since he had done such a thing that he himself looked almost startled. The little brown nurse who did not know the scarcity of laughter in that house smiled sympathetically.

"You're ever so much stronger to-day," she said, not without a touch of personal pride. Lord Farringford frowned.

"That's your fault, too," he said. "I was dying quite decently, to the great satisfaction of my whole family, and you must come and pull me out of my grave again, like the interfering, meddling, troublesome little person you are. I can't even be let to die comfortably—at eighty-two! I call it disgraceful. I shall write to the *Times* and complain."

She smiled cheerfully.

"You're so cross, to-day," she said, "that you must be getting well."

"Cross!" His tone changed. "Come here!" he said again abruptly, and held out his hand.

She came. She stood close by his chair and put her warm, soft fingers into the thin old hand he held out. Her brown eyes were very tender.

He did not speak for a moment. Then his eyes fell on the hand he held. Then he shrugged his shoulders once more.

"An engagement ring!" he said. "What stupidity! How do you know I wasn't going to offer you my hand and my heart—to say nothing of my gout, and my bronchitis, and my asthma, and my temper—eh! Imprudence? What do you say? Will you throw this into the fire and be Lady Farringford?"

"No," she said very softly.

He patted her hand.

"Good child—of course you won't. Well, some man's got some luck in store for him when he marries you. He's got good taste, too; I'll say that for him. What's the young beggar's name?"

She drooped her head a little.

"Oh, I can't tell you—I'm afraid you wouldn't like——"

"Oh, I'm not jealous. I've done very well without a Lady Farringford for eighty-two years, and I can do very well without her now. But you—there's a mystery I suppose, eh?"

Her head drooped lower still.

"A—a little one, please," she said.

"I dare say it's as large as Westminster Abbey You women have no consciences when it comes to a love affair. . . . You live in London?"

"Yes," she said vehemently, "and I hate it!"

Lord Farringford's eyes had strayed to the window, and to the small brown bird still hunting on the lawn.

"Of course—you're a country mouse—a hedge sparrow, like that little thing out there. And he—the gentleman of the ring—where does he reside?"

"He—he——" she stammered; "in different places."

"H'm! The mystery's getting bigger, I see. I hate mysteries—always did. *And* romances. Now there's my nephew, Harborough——"

She started a little, but he went on without noticing her confusion.

"My nephew Harborough's gone in for a romance of his own—silly young fool. Wants to marry some girl named Green, or Smith, or Brown—says he won't look at anyone else. I say he shan't get a penny from me if he does. To want to saddle my family with an impossible girl named Green at this time of day!"

He paused in a fine heat of indignation.

"If you please," she said very meekly, "the impossible girl isn't named Green."

"Well, what is she named, then?"

"Brown," she murmured under her breath.

"Oh—you know her, I suppose? Now I come to think of it, I believe he told me she was a nurse, or something of that—— Why, bless me, you——" He paused. "It can't be—it can't be!" he said in sudden astonishment.

The small brown figure hung its head in silence. Lord Farringford leaned forward and peered up into her bent face.

"Here—you—you hedge sparrow," he said, "what's your ridiculous name?"

She hesitated for a second. Then, before he knew what had happened, she was kneeling by his chair with an appealing hand on his arm and two very soft brown eyes looking up into his.

"Oh, please, if you don't mind very much," she said, "it's—it's Brown."

"Bless me!" said Lord Farringford.

* * * * *

Five minutes later the door opened and the stony voice of a perfectly trained footman broke upon the ears of two people who had forgotten several things—notably, that old gentlemen with hot tempers were disagreeable, and that girls whose names were ordinary were impossible as nieces-in-law.

"Mr. Harborough, m'lord!"

"Bless me!" said Lord Farringford again. Then he put one hand on the shoulder of the girl who knelt beside him, and held out the other to his nephew and heir.

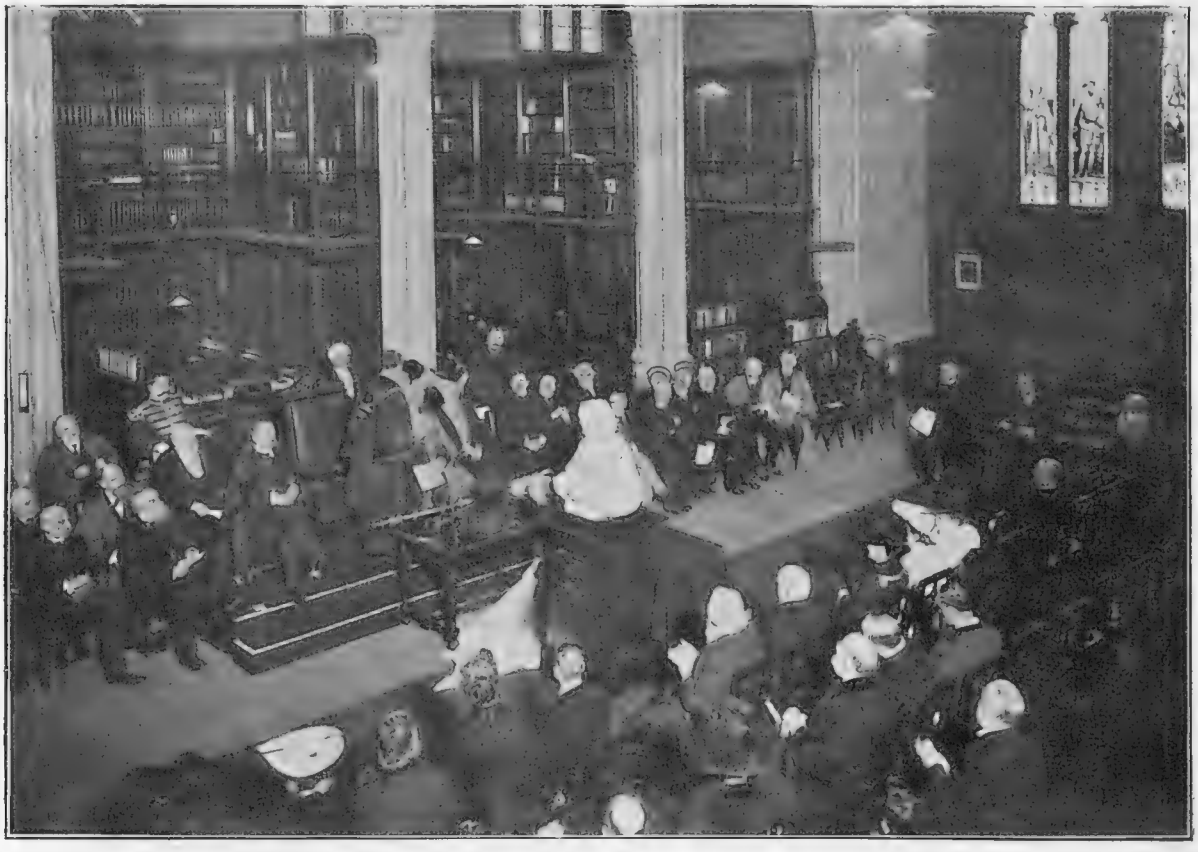
"Glad to see you, James," he said. "A very pretty little comedy has just come to a close here, as you see. Oh, of course, *you* had nothing to do with it—you're the soul of honesty and candour—I know that. Come here, you young scamp, and let me present you to—to the future Lady Farringford."

* * * * *

The girl rose with a laugh and a sob. Lord Farringford turned his back and looked steadfastly out of the window. Below, on the short grass, the little brown bird burst into a ripple of song.

Lord Farringford, with the echo of a girl's laughter in his ears, regarded it sternly.

"*Accentor modularis*," he said—"The Hedge Sparrow!"



Unveiling the Chaucer Bust in the Guildhall Library. This ceremony was performed by the Lord Mayor, attended by a large gathering of students and lovers of the Father of English poetry.

Jack Tar's Christmas

Photo by Cribb

Laying in a Stock of Beer

Christmas is a festival of family reunions and home gatherings, and fortunate are those sailors and soldiers who can spend Yule-tide in the midst of relations and friends, instead of being compelled to pass it in some distant land or some foreign station, far removed in body from dear ones at home, though present with them in the spirit. Our photographs show how Jack keeps Christmas day; if he cannot spend it at home, he manages to enjoy himself either on board ship or in one of the Naval depôts.

All over the world, on the Mediterranean, the Pacific, North America, China, and other stations, the Christmas mess is kept up in the Royal Navy with all the old traditions. Roast beef and plum-duff is the favourite fare, though on some stations good English beef, geese, fowls, and other luxuries are not to be had, and Jack has to put up with "Jellah coffee runners" (West Coast fowls) and other inferior substitutes, though he has compensations in the way of brilliant sunshine and luxurious landscape.

Those who talk glibly about the deterioration of our national physique should watch Jack at his Christmas dinner. One would think he had been starving himself for days beforehand. The fare is,

Photo by Cribb

Jack Ashore

Photo by *Cribb*

In the Kitchen—Jack's Christmas Pudding being Prepared

however, homely and digestible, and next day he is ready for any job that has to be done.

A feature of the day is the toasting of the King. The Lords of the Admiralty allow each sailor a certain proportion of grog or beer, and the health of His Majesty is drunk with great enthusiasm.

"Not so many years ago," writes a Naval chaplain, "Christmas Day in the Navy was a time of drunkenness

Photo by *Cribb*

The Barber is Kept Busy

Photo by *Cribb*

Miss Weston, the Sailor's Friend

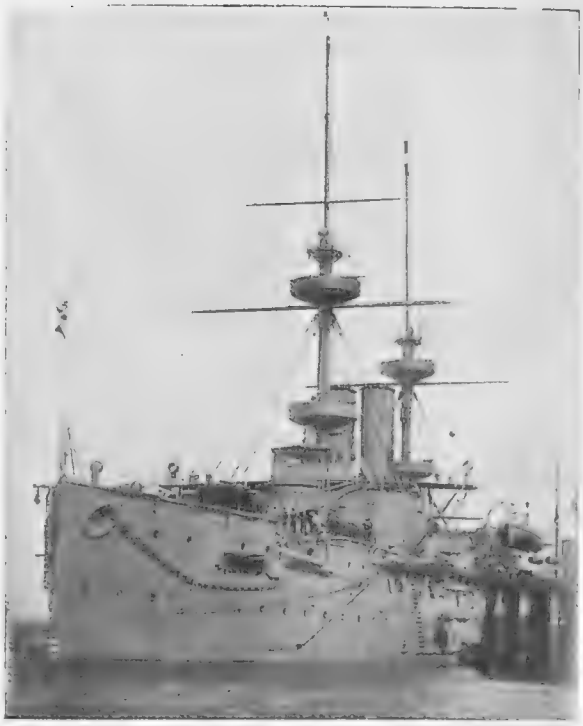


Photo by *Cribb*

H.M.S. "Majestic"

and licence, looked forward to with disgust by the officers and respectable members of the ship's company as a sort of necessary evil to be endured, with the consoling reflection that it came but once a year."

Fortunately, this cannot now be said, and the change for the better is largely due to Miss Agnes Weston—a lady beloved throughout the service for the "Royal Sailors' Rests" she has founded, and for the oth good work she has done for the benefit of the hand man afloat and ashore.

One of our photographs shows the *Majestic*, Lo Charles Beresford's flagship, which has just arriv at Portsmouth with the Channel Fleet ships for th winter refit and to give Christmas leave.

Photo by *R. C. Ryan*

"When Jack Comes Back"

A FRIEND OF MINE

By GERALD DU MAURIER

George Lackaday always made a point of walking home from the City when the evening, or, rather, the afternoon, was fine. So that if he left his office at four-thirty, and did not halt too frequently by the way, it was very little after five of the grandfather's clock in the hall of his flat in Pall Mall when Simpson removed his coat and hat, and questioned him as to whether he would prefer tea and a muffin, a brandy and soda, or a glass of sherry and a biscuit.

If George did not walk to his home, it would possibly be to a club, where he would wrestle with his overcoat unaided, and of his own accord have to order the necessary something without the medium of a servant's discreet but sympathetic suggestion.

A club had for George on occasions serious drawbacks, such as would compel him, if mentally fatigued, to seek the quiet of his own rooms. He might, for instance, have to go through the ceremony of nodding to one or two acquaintances whose wandering eyes might chance to meet his own; or, more unnerving still, find himself obliged to exchange a few commonplace remarks with mere lounging idlers, to whom sleep at that time of the day or the silent perusal of the illustrated papers were unknown or, at any rate, untried quantities. If, however, fortune smiled upon him and the fates were propitious, a gentle sound of well-studied, deep breathing, a faint waft of warm shoe leather, a glass half emptied, and a cigarette end reposing, unheeded but smouldering, in one of the undulations of his double-breasted waistcoat, the casual onlooker would be convinced that at about a quarter before six o'clock, George Lackaday was indulging in forty winks. Punctually on the third beat of six, George, like Napoleon, or anyone else, would awaken, as a rule, to the full possession of his faculties.

He did not at once spring to his feet—one of which would occasionally oversleep itself, like a giant refreshed. This made him giddy.

On the contrary, he would remain in a relaxed position, scratching his comely head until such time as the searcher after that week's *Truth* should discover that it was not, after all, lying hidden at the bottom of a well.

Should it be a friend of long standing who was thus rudely let loose upon him, a few remarks, admirably well chosen and vulnerable to no possible repartee, would escape him.

A mere acquaintance would be met with the puzzled stare of a man struggling to remember someone whom he had long ago wished to forget, but if a total stranger were the offender, "sooner earth go round the sun, and the straight girth of time inswathe the fullness of eternity, than language paint the infinite of"—George Lackaday's facial expression.

Sometimes, however, partly to amuse himself, partly to pass the time, George, with wonderful ingenuity, would apologise at great length—say, for as long as a quarter of an hour, but with such convincing tact and charm of manner that the stranger, however sharp-witted he might be, would, on reaching home, tell his wife how he had that day met a man whose polished courtesy and princely bearing would a century earlier have won for their possessor a place among the kings of the world.

The stranger in this case would probably, it is true, be a small householder of indifferent education; a veterinary surgeon at Kilburn perhaps, or the keeper of private baths at Putney.

So George, at any rate, would class them to himself. It is at one of these moments that we find ourselves entering into George Lackaday's glorious existence.

The large smoking-room of the Hanover Club was empty, save for two occupants. George Lackaday, asleep, was one. Colonel Mac something or other, awake, terribly awake, was the other. It was six o'clock. The Colonel having been told that there was an article in that month's *Army and Navy Outlook* advocating the alteration in size and shape of shoulder-straps at that time being worn by non-commissioned Militia officers, very naturally wished to give the article a careful perusal.

So anxious was he, indeed, that he had been to every room in the building twice over, and was even then engaged in inditing a peremptory note to the secretary, complaining of the gross mismanagement of the paper and magazine department. He had got as far as "Dear Sir," and was on the point of dotting the "i," when his attention was arrested and held by the sound of the sleeping of his fellow-member.

The Colonel, listening with intense interest, was trying to think when and in what country he had heard the tune before, and on what instrument it had been played, when a slight change in George's position revealed the red and blue cover of the long-sought-for periodical.

"D . . n it!" muttered the old man, "he's been sitting on it all this time."

With a cough that would have awakened the dead Pharaohs, the Colonel walked—as noisily as the carpet would allow—over to the fireplace, near to which George's armchair was placed. He next proceeded to poke the fire, and having dropped the tongs and coaxed the coal-scuttle to do impossibilities, he turned round and faced his victim. George, in the meantime, having been watching the Colonel's gymnastics, through his half-closed lids, had seized the opportunity, knowing what was coming, to remove the journal on which he had been sitting, to a safe place, under a heap of papers on a table just within his reach—all this, of

course, whilst the Colonel, whose back was turned to him, was busy with the fire-irons—and then resumed his slumbers.

On the Colonel coughing a second, third, and fourth time like a Maxim gun, he yawned elaborately, blinked, and finally opened both eyes wide, like a baby at sunrise.

It was for the Army to open the campaign. "I beg your pardon, sir," thundered the Colonel, "but are you trying to hatch that paper into weekly numbers?"

"I make it about five minutes past six," said George politely, looking at his watch, "but I'm not sure that my watch isn't fast. I put it right yesterday by the post-office clock in Throgmorton Street; but one of the clerks told me, as I was sending off a telegram to-day, that it had been put back this morning, but he didn't say how much."

"Sir," choked the Colonel, "I did not ask you what time it was."

"Why not?" asked George, with the greatest surprise. "Time is like a fashionable host that—ah, but you know the rest."

"No; and I'm d . . d if I want to!" shrieked the exasperated Colonel. "What I want is the *Army and Navy Outlook*, and you've been sitting on it ever since I've been in the club."

"Heaven forbid!" cried George in a tone of shocked patriotism. "No Englishman living has greater confidence in the stability and solidity of the country's guardians than I, and I maintain——"

"Heavens above!" screamed the Colonel. "I don't want your opinions, I want the paper."

"Granted," said George, with a knowing smile; "but what political economist would agree with you? Tell me that. What?" and George rose from his seat, and awaited the Colonel's answer with an air of the keenest enthusiasm.

Alas for the poor old soldier, the chair was empty. He turned red, he turned white, he coughed no longer like the artillery at practice, but apologetically.

"Sir," he said, "I beg you ten thousand pardons. I have made a foolish mistake. I thought you were sitting upon a paper I was anxious to see. I was wrong. I am sorry."

"Not at all, sir," replied George, feeling positively put to the blush; "it is I who ought to apologise. It is true I was not a sentry asleep on duty; still, I feel as if I deserved to be shot. Waiter!"

"Engrossed"

The Various Features of the First Number of "The Bystander," as playfully depicted by an Appreciative Artist, whom we beg to thank most cordially for his good wishes

Bridge. By "Problematicus"

The Americans, dear people, have invented an ingenious device for shortening those dreary and dragging rubbers in which no one holds any hands. When the score is under twenty, and spades are declared and *not* doubled, two points are added to the score of the side which declares spades, and the players proceed to the next deal without playing the hand.

It may happen, of course, that the score is sixteen, that the two makes it eighteen, and the declarers of spades make the odd trick against a No-Trump declaration next hand and go out. Or it may happen that the score is love-all, and the declarers of spades, having scored two without playing the hand, proceed forthwith to make the Grand Slam in doubled spades, and go out: whereas, if they had played their spade declaration they might have lost the trick. But this is the luck of the game; and the real point is that in the long run it is the same for all, and it does quicken the game.

However, this device should not be employed when the score of the declarers of spades is twenty or more, for the obvious reason that if it be raised from twenty to twenty-two, without the extra two being earned by hard play, the declarers of spades may go out by the odd trick in hearts, if it be raised from twenty-two to twenty-four, they may go out by the odd trick in diamonds, and so forth. With the score under twenty, in nineteen games out of twenty-two, it will make no difference; and it is a preservative from weariness.

I wrote last week of the fault so frequent among beginners of not discarding from your strongest suit when trumps are declared against you. You should give your partner every indication you can, and do not let the fact that you are also giving information to your opponent trouble you at all.

The most important indication is the call for a ruff, the playing, that is, a higher card to the first round of a suit than to a second. It does not matter whether or no you propose actually to ruff the third round. You may be so strong in trumps that you prefer to hold them up. By calling and then not ruffing you show your strength in trumps, and your partner can modify his game accordingly.

Be exact in following the conventional leads, for each of them is an indication to your partner of what you hold in your hand, and helps him not only to lead, but to discard.

In discarding against a No-Trump declaration, if you have one really strong suit, do not discard only from your weak suit, but also from a moderately strong one, if you can do so without unguarding it, that your partner may be sure to lead your really strong suit when he gets in.

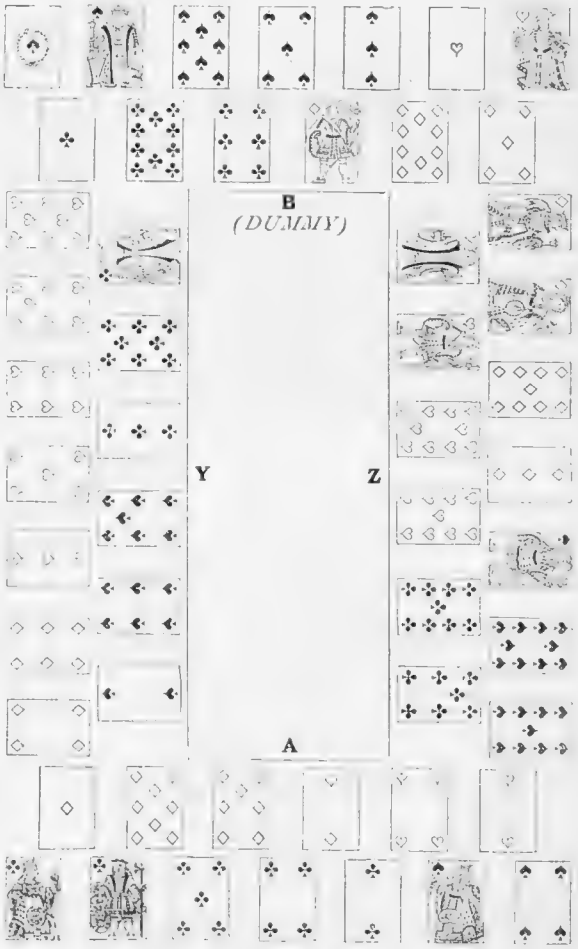
The one dangerous indication, when trumps are declared against you, is to show your partner that you have four. You do this by playing a higher to the first round than to the second. It is probable that your partner will not be able to profit by the indication, while the dealer will. But even this is a matter for judgment, for there are occasions when your partner can profit by it even more than the dealer.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM II.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♥ 2	♥ 9	♥ Q	♥ 4
2	♠ 3	♠ 9	♠ A	♠ 2
3	♠ 4	♠ 10	♠ K	♣ 5
4	♠ 8	♠ J	♠ Q	♥ 5
5	♥ 3	♥ 10	♠ 7	♣ 6
6	♦ 2	♣ Q	♠ 6	♦ 3
7	♣ 4	♦ Q	♠ 5	♦ 4
8	♥ 6	♥ J	♥ A	♥ 8
9		♦ K		
10		♦ A		
11		♣ K		
12		♣ A		
13		♥ K		

To make eight tricks, Z must have a heart led to him; and to get it he must double; and it is also manifest that they must be playing under the Heart Convention. If Z did not double, Y's lead is the Knave of Clubs, and B makes six tricks straight away; while if Z doubled under the Highest of Shortest Suit Convention, Y leads his single Diamond, and again B makes six tricks straight away.

PROBLEM III.



A deals, and leaves it to B, who declares No-Trumps.
A & B make the Little Slam.

A solution of this problem will be given next week.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Paris Motor Show

This splendid exhibition has come — and gone, and the world stands much where it did. Owners of 1903 cars have no cause to despair, for they are by no manner of means out of date. Lovely paint, beautiful varnish, luxurious cushions, but no startling novelties whatever, were the predominating notes, and nearly all there was to see of interest will be on view at the Crystal Palace in February. The chief tendency is to increased quietness in running and greater flexibility in the power of the engine, but there is not even a "Krebs Carburettor" novelty, as there was last year, to give the quidnuncs something to talk about. This was a bad exhibition for the "jabberer," as "talking points" were few.

Prices

This paragraph ought to go in in really small print, Mr. Editor, for it is more or less of a secret. So many *chassis* builders are at work now in France that the demand does not come up to the supply, and there *are* hints of that much abused and hardly worked word "dumping" in this connection. Personally, one might not feel averse to procuring a car under cost price of production, but, on the other hand, when you "ask for" an English-made car, "see that you get it!"

The Truffault Spring

One novelty at the Grand Palais may be noted. The ordinary carriage spring, when passing over a hollow in the road, gives way, and lets the body of the carriage down a little, but, *per contra*, when its elasticity has had time to reassert itself, it pushes the body containing the passengers up a little, and so causes some inconvenience. With the Truffault Spring a plate is attached to the *chassis*, and to this is affixed a spiral spring. One end of the semi-elliptic under-spring is fixed to this by a shackle running through the centre of this coil. As a resultant, the rebounding action of the mainspring is counteracted by that of the spiral one, and vibration is very greatly reduced. This appears to be a sensible arrangement, and will be found on Peugeot Cars.

Gear Boxes

A general tendency in the Paris show was to have the gear box more compact and lighter than ever, but there is no change observable in the general

The Paris Motor Car Exhibition—Interior

idea of it, as now set forth, of a nature to bring a blush to the cheek of any owner of a last year's specimen; and until some entirely novel, and as yet undreamt of, system to replace the present one of transmitting the power from engine to gear by clutch, and by altering the plan of obtaining variable power by the "sliding train" of cogged wheels within the gear box itself, is invented, we need not toss feverishly on our pillows for fear of being old fashioned. Nothing to do this work is yet invented; if invented, it would take years to prove efficient on a motor car, and, if found efficient, more years to produce and perfect. Let us, then, be "comfortable men, and sleep o' nights," in spite of the Paris show.

The New Cheap Benz-Parsifal

Particulars of this very latest type are now to hand. The car has 8 h.p. mechanical equal-sized valves, usual ignition, clutch drive, three gears and reverse with one lever, brakes on gear-shaft and back-wheels, bevel gear differential, single cardan joint propeller shaft running in ball races, wheel base about 7 feet, track width 3 ft. 2 in. It will be seen, therefore, that the horizontal engine appears to have been definitely abandoned by this firm; and as many of us received our infantile motoring nourishment at the hands of Herr Benz, we note his new departure with a sigh of regret.

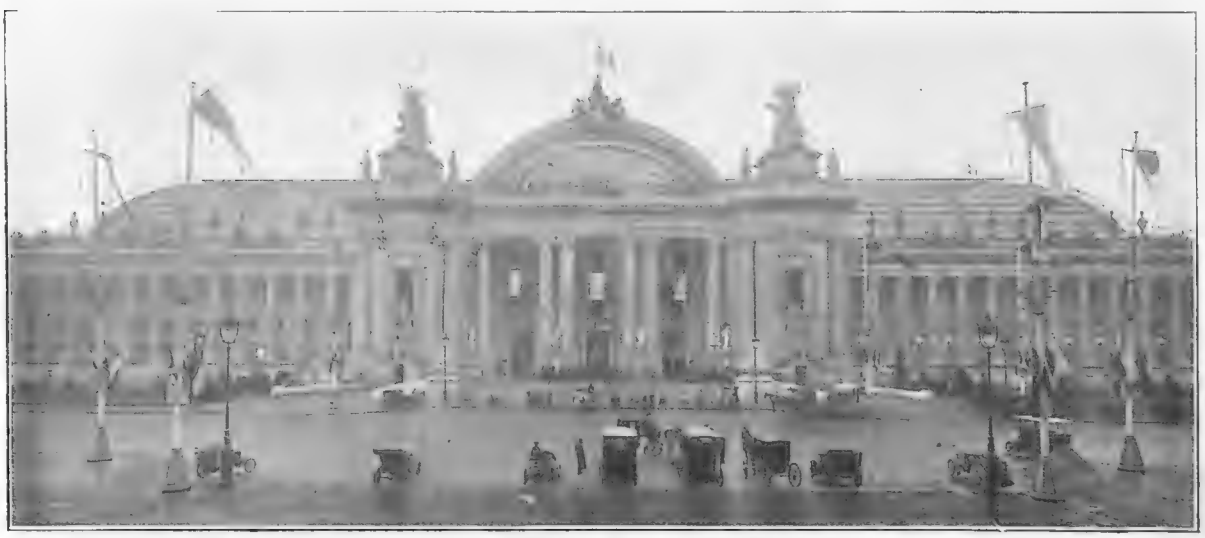
The New Edison Accumulator

The coming of this new accumulator, or secondary battery, has been for the past year so loudly heralded by some sections of the Press that it would appear as if the petrol engine was to be disestablished definitely, and the millennium of electrical traction was at hand; but for those unsophisticated individuals who, because they see a tramcar propelled by an electric motor actuated by current which it picks up from wires as it proceeds, imagine that a car may be driven by a limited quantity of the same current contained in a battery no larger than an ordinary petrol tank, it is feared that disappointment is in store.

M. Loubet going the round of the Stalls after declaring the Exhibition open

The Gordon-Bennett Race

Three nominations have been sent to the Automobile Club as drivers of the team of Napier Cars in the Gordon-Bennett Race of next year. They are: Mr. John Hargreaves, Templecombe, Somerset; Lieut.-Col. Mark Mayhew, Motor Volunteer Corps; and Mr. S. F. Edge.



The Main Entrance to the Paris Motor Car Exhibition—Exterior

Electric Broughams

The electric brougham or landaulette, for town work, is already, with the ordinary series of accumulators, a success in its own particular line, and the Edison cell may be of some benefit in this connection. It is lighter, as lead does not enter into its composition, the active agents being, on the positive side, peroxide of nickel, and on the negative, finely divided iron, the electrolyte being caustic potash, in place of dilute sulphuric acid, as at present. It is said to take a much higher charging and delivery rate without injury, but it is an improvement which by no manner of means has reached finality. Holders of shares in lead accumulator companies need not "throw their scrip out of the window" just yet.

Cantor Lectures

The utterances of Mr. Worby Beaumont, M.I.C.E., are always worthy of consideration, and in summing up his series of Cantor Lectures given before the Society of Arts, his conclusions are worthy of note by the levelheaded. "The higher the speed," he says, "the greater the power required, and the greater the number of parts. Two cylinders grow to four, the governing, controlling, and ignition connections multiply, petrol, grease, and oil consumption increase, and finally the pneumatic tyre becomes an essential and costly factor. . . . . With low speed, solid tyres would be sufficient, with well-designed and well-made springs, and the cost direct and indirect considerably reduced; for a solid or cushion tyre would afford sufficient cushion to the many parts which are destroyed by severe shaking at high speeds."

Dust

The A. C. G. B. and I., after conducting abstruse experiments on the dust question—which has, perhaps, not troubled us this summer as it might, being, as it usually has been, held temporarily in mechanical solution by water—have arrived at the conclusion that some cars and some tyres make more dust than others. It is, however, chiefly a question of speed, and if the dust is there, any car rushing over it at twenty miles an hour will stir it up, and tow plenty of it in its wake as the vehicle proceeds. There is no solution to this problem, for if all the existing dust were removed to-day, out would come the noble horse to-morrow, and grind up more for us with his iron shod-hoofs and wheels. Pneumatic tyres and dust seem synonymous.

A Non-Puncturable Tyre at Last

The Martin pneumatic tyre has now been for some little time on the market, and has proved itself a marked success. It is *over an inch thick* in the thread, and in this thickness is included a section of extremely tough material, through which it appears impossible to penetrate. It may not be so resilient as a tyre of a quarter the thickness, but it is quite resilient *enough*, having in view the increase in horse-power even in cheap cars. It has no inner tube, and if anything *should* go wrong with it, one may come home on a deflated without harm.

At the Paris Exhibition

The Napier cars make a fine show and were the first of all exhibits to be in readiness

British Enterprise
The Gladiator make a good show

With Chastened Joy

The information has just come to hand that a certain bold spirit has succeeded in driving a motor car for a short distance at the rate of 83¾ miles an hour. This feat will undoubtedly add considerably to the general gaiety of nations, and so we present the news with a chastened joy and with a due sense of the unworthiness of the channel through which intelligence of such an event of profound international importance flows, notwithstanding that that sordid groveller, the "man in the street," who, be it whispered, has been overheard ignominiously to remark, "Who cares?" Him we can fortunately ignore, as we eagerly hasten forward, most of us, to order a motor car of the same make and power without delay.

G. Bernard Shaw

It seems as though this cheery philosopher has more than his fair share of wisdom on motoring matters. His opinion is that the existing phase in the motor-car movement may be aptly described as the "present plundering of plutocrats."

Puncture-proof Bands

From a driver of six years' experience comes the information that punctures are a "thing of the past." The Sampson-Hutchinson arrangement will, if this is so, "fill a long-felt want," and doubtless reap a rich reward. It at any rate seems certain that by the adoption of this ingenious contrivance the puncture fiend is scotched, if it be not absolutely killed outright. Some sort of outside fitting to the tyre seems almost imperative, and, on driving wheels at least, is becoming more frequently noticeable.

A Good "Solid"

A good solid tyre is the "Cup" which has been in daily use for some months during all the abominable weather of the past season on a car belonging to the present writer. The strong point is that, in addition to the tyre being held in its place by the usual wires, it is also gripped by the rim itself, and so prevented from "rolling" on turning corners. It absorbs vibration very satisfactorily, and at present shows but little signs of wear.

Three-Wheeled Cars

By the new regulations it is observed that the word motor cycle includes motor cars designed to travel on not more than three wheels, weighing, unladen, not more than 3cwt., and persons over fourteen may drive these.

An Agency to Register Cars

The want of the hour in regard to the registration of cars and licensing of drivers under the new Motor Car Act has been anticipated by the Motor Car Bureau and Exchange, of 100, Long Acre, W.C. For the nominal fee of 5*s*. the Bureau are carrying out the necessary formalities for the registration of cars in any part of the Kingdom and for obtaining driving licences. All one has to do is to send them a line stating the number of cars to be registered and driving licences required, and they do the rest. To have this troublesome matter taken off one's shoulders at such a fee should prove a great boon.

C. G. M.

By Field, Stream & Covert.

A Young Sportswoman

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Mills is a keen follower of the Hertfordshire Foxhounds

Hunting

The Hertfordshire

To indite a favourable report of the doings of a well-conducted pack of hounds is always a gratifying task; it is still more pleasant, however, when a satisfactory state of affairs has been attained from inauspicious beginnings. That some few years ago all was not well with fox-hunting in the wide area covered by the Hertfordshire Hunt is sufficiently certain; indeed the country almost stood, at one time, in peril of disruption it being feared that the number of hunting days would have to be reduced and a certain amount of territory abandoned. Mr. Fenwick Harrison, to whose efforts the rehabilitation of the Hunt is largely due, has not been exceptionally fortunate during the early years of his mastership, a prolonged illness and a serious accident having succeeded each other closely. Yet, thanks to his universal popularity, everything points to the present season standing out from its predecessors, foxes being far more plentiful than hitherto, while in all other respects the outlook is most hopeful.

The Country

Though the southern, and from a riding point of view, most desirable, part of the Hertfordshire country is suffering from the gradual

The Hertfordshire Hunt—On the way to Frithsden Copse

The Hertfordshire Hunt—The Pack draw the Woodlands

more remote Bedfordshire side, which is hunted on Wednesdays. The going is perhaps a trifle heavy, while the deep ditches which prevail may not be to everyone's taste; still it is a good scenting district, and foxes make good points. In the vicinity of Watford and Hertford there are fine woodlands, and the Luton Hoo estate, where the kennels are situated in the centre of the country, is another notable stronghold constantly visited by the hounds.

While the Field take things easy

oachments of metropolitan bricks and mortar, in spite of invasion atened elsewhere by moters of philanthropic d other schemes, there large tracts of territory, hin twenty or thirty iles of London, where good run can be enyed without a suspicion f suburbanism. From Lord Salisbury's great overt, Symond's Hyde, r instance, hounds are constantly hunting good wild foxes over a most sporting country, though the best sport of all is to be had, as a rule, on the

A run through Ashridge Woods (Lord Brownlow's Coverts)

[The photos on this page are by J. T. Newman]

The Hertfordshire Hunt—Waiting for the Draw

Its Huntsmen

William Wells, the Hertfordshire huntsman, is now in his thirteenth season, having previously carried the horn with conspicuous success in the adjacent Puckeridge country, whence he came with the best of credentials as first whipper-in at Belvoir. Charles Harris, who preceded Wells, acted for many years as whipper-in to Bob Ward before taking the latter's place. Ward came to Hertfordshire in 1856, and hunted the hounds for Lord Dacre for ten seasons; it was, however, under Lord Dacre's successor, Mr. Gerald Leigh, that he reached the zenith of his reputation. It would be difficult under present conditions for any huntsman of the lightest weight to hunt hounds on Ward's system of lifting them and galloping a fox to death. Ward's weight, however, was always kept profoundly secret. Still more marvellous, however, was the way in which, after lifting his hounds, he could make them stoop to a scent and hunt over cold ploughs and through bad-scenting woodlands.

L. J. I.

The Hertfordshire Hunt—The Huntsman and Pack

From "*An Angler's Autobiography*"

"A Rise"

Fishing

Dry-fly Fishing

Some years ago, when references to our anglers fishing with a "dry fly" began to appear in American papers devoted to sport, a well-known fly-fisher of the old, or wet, fly school declared roundly that the thing was an impossibility; that to suppose you could cast a fly on to water and keep it dry was another fish story. Doubtless, he was soon convinced of his error. In England dry-fly fishing has been known and practised for more than half a century, although it was not much practised or written about until the invention, or, rather, the re-invention, of the eyed hook for trout flies, gave it such an impetus some twenty years or so ago. It is to Mr. H. S. Hall, of Clifton, that we owe the modern eyed hook as used for fly fishing for trout and grayling; he tried it first, I think, in 1878, and wrote about it first in the *Field* in 1880. But it was in a doubting, not to say scoffing, world that he introduced his discovery. "May do for eel hooks on light lines," was one criticism. But Mr. Hall "knew what he knew," and in the *Field* and the *Fishing Gazette* went on with his preaching, as well as giving practical proofs by the chalk stream side, until at last many who came to scoff remained to pray for the gift of a few of the wee brown hooks with turned-up eyes, which were as scarce then as now they are common. Among the converts was famous Francis Francis of the *Field*. He had roundly damned the new hooks to commence with, and with no faint praise; but Francis never hesitated to admit a mistake, and he very soon lent the great weight of his authority in the angling world in favour of Mr. Hall's invention.

"An Angler's Autobiography"

Among one of the first to appreciate the advantages of the eyed hook was Mr. Frederic M. Halford, and Mr. Senior, in his charming introduction to Mr. Halford's new book, "An Angler's Autobiography," reminds us that it was Mr. Hall's invention which led Mr. Halford to make such a close study of the art, and to write his first book, "Floating Flies and How to Dress Them," and the other famous books of his "Dry-Fly" series. It will thus be seen how much we owe to Mr. Hall. Mr. Halford has hitherto been considered by fly-fishers almost solely as a practical and most admirable teacher; in fact, not a few have considered that he was "too scientific." It was a welcome surprise to many of us to see the announcement of his autobiography—to find that he was going to unbend for a time and pass from practical details respecting flies and fly-casting to personal narrative of his career as an angler. It will also come as a surprise, even to many of his friends, to find that his experiences range over almost every branch of angling, barbel and trout fishing, and other fishing over the best part of the Thames, sea fishing, salmon fishing in Ireland and Scotland, fishing with the wet fly as well as twenty years of dry-fly fishing on the cream of dry-fly waters. In his preface he says that the blame of persuading him to the task rests chiefly upon "my old friend William Senior and my publishers, and, after them, I must accuse my dear friend Major Cooke Daniels." It is to Major Daniels that he and we owe the many excellent illustrations given in the book—most of them in photogravure from the Major's work with the camera. By the courtesy of the publishers, THE BYSTANDER is able to reproduce two of the black-and-white half-tone pictures. In one we see the keeper pointing out a jack to Mr. Halford, in the other he and Mr. Senior are seen having a quiet cup of "tea" by the side of the Itchen. The tea appears to be not unconnected with that particular blend made famous by the late T. E. Prett under the name of "Keighley Cold." Mr. Halford appears to be examining a fly, and Mr. Senior to be reminding him of the story Prett told us at the Fly Fishers' Club of the fiddler at the funeral, who mistook a fly on his music for a high note—and played it.

Pleasant Reminiscences

Mr. Halford's book is written with such enthusiasm and modesty, it deals with such delightful chalk, stream and other river scenery, introduces us again to so many well-known anglers and their doings, that, as Mr. Senior says: "The debt which we owe to the author of books like these is indeed great. At home and abroad there are many men who have profited by Mr. Halford's written instruction, and some who have had the advantage of his kindly patience, full knowledge and abounding willingness to guide and advise by the riverside." Therefore, this volume, in which "the personality of the man is to some extent revealed, cannot fail to be welcomed, and I take the liberty of repeating that there is no apology required for these reminiscences." A word of praise is due to Messrs. Vinton and Co. for the really admirable manner in which they have brought out the work; the type, illustrations, and general get-up leave nothing to be desired, but much to be admired. Fortunate, indeed, are those who have secured one of the hundred copies of the *édition de luxe*, which are nearly all sold. They will, before long, be, like the "Encyclopædia Britannica," doubled in value, and unobtainable at that.

By permission of "The Fishing Gazette"

Prince Edward and Prince Albert of Wales
with Mr. J. Walter Jones, who has given them lessons in fly-fishing

Prince Edward and Prince Albert

As will be seen from the photograph reproduced on this page, Prince Edward and Prince Albert, sons of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, are anglers, like their father, who enjoys nothing more than a day on the Dee in Aberdeenshire, when the river is in ply and there a good stock of fresh-run salmon in the pools ready to rise to a cleverly cast "Jock Scott" or "Silver Doctor."

R. B. M

Two well-known Anglers. Mr. F. M. Halford and Mr. Senior ["*An Angler's Autobiography*"

Shooting

The Dog in Sport

Dogs used in field sports never had so much attention paid them as is the case nowadays, and although much has been said and written as to alleged decadence of some breeds since the institution of shows close on half a century ago, it must be admitted that, so far as appearances go, a great improvement has been effected in not a few varieties. It would be no easy matter to find a more handsome brace of curly-coated retrievers than Belle-Vue Surprise and Nina, the property of Mr. C. Flowitt, of Doncaster. His kennels, by the way, overlook the historic Town Moor, and adjoin stables which have sheltered many St. Leger winners. Both retrievers have gained the highest honours, Nina having won the Kennel Club championship certificate on no fewer than fourteen occasions, the Curly-coated Retriever Club's twenty-five guineas trophy three times, both at the Crystal Palace and Manchester, and upwards of one hundred first prizes under all

English Setter, Barton Jock

On Point

days over the estate of Mr. E. G. Pretyman, so often in use for these trials, at Orwell, Suffolk. The fixture of the National Pointer and Setter Society, generally the best supported of the series, is to be in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury the last week in the showery month. These trials make very pleasant outings, interest being maintained to a surprising degree, and if, as the veterans aver, the work done nowadays is not equal to that seen at the earlier fixtures, one has the consciousness of knowing that the very best pointer and setter kennels of the day are represented.

The Training of Dogs

The training of dogs for these meetings finds occupation for several very clever men, and the admirers of working dogs need not wish to see better handling than that of Watts, Titheridge, Nicholson, Mawson, Frost, or Turrell among the professionals; while such men as Mr. R. Purcell Llewellin, Sir Watkin Wynn, or Mr. F. C. Lowe, lose nothing by comparison with their professional

Belle-Vue Surprise

Champion Belle-Vue Nina

Curly-coated Retrievers, the property of Mr. C. Flowitt, of Doncaster

the leading judges. Surprise's greatest triumphs were scored this season by winning the trophies offered for the best sporting dog in the show at the Kennel Club and National exhibitions, the latter at Birmingham early in December. Mr. Flowitt is naturally proud of the achievements of his handsome retrievers.

Trials for Pointers

Two of the four spring field trials for pointers and setters are now definitely fixed up, the Kennel Club meeting being on April 13 and following colleagues. The judges for the Kennel Club meeting have been appointed. Lieut.-Col. C. H. Beck and Mr. A. E. Butter, both recently returned from South Africa. The first-named had been on active service, but the Scottish sportsman, owner of the famed Faskally shootings, by the way, was after big game. He must now have a wonderful collection, for during the last ten years he has spent but little time either in England or on his beautiful Scottish estate, near Pitlochry. No better appointments could be made.

WOMAN'S PASTIMES

The Kennel Club The banquet held each year by the Kennel Club is always interesting, as it gives the members a pleasant opportunity of meeting and discussing their hobby. This year the illness of the chairwoman of the Ladies' Branch, Mrs. Charles Chapman, unfortunately prevented her from being present, and some other prominent ladies of the committee, Jemima Countess of Darnley, Lady Lewis, and the Princesse de Montglyon, were also absent. But Mrs. Bennett-Edwards, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Addis, Mrs. Claude Cane, and Mrs. Gerald Spencer, all well-known owners and members of the committee, were there, and also Miss Hertfield, who now owns one of the chief fox-terrier kennels in the country, Mrs. Sparks, the chief owner of Harlequin Great Danes, Mrs. Sidney Turner, Mrs. Edgar Waterlow, Mrs. Jaquet, Mrs. Marley, Mrs. W. W. Crocker, Mrs. Desmond O'Connell, Mrs. H. L. Aylmer, and many others whose names are linked with success in the doggie world.

The Dogs of Japan One of the most interesting features of the evening, was the speech made by the Japanese gentleman, Mr. Diosy, on the dogs of Japan. It has long been a theory that the King Charles spaniels, so beloved by Englishwomen for centuries, really owed their introduction into this country to the far East; and that Catherine of Braganza brought more than Bombay in her pocket when she came to marry Charles II. She was, in fact, one of the first owners of "English" toy spaniels, which should be remembered to her credit by dog lovers. Mr. Diosy endorsed that theory; and added an amusing detail to prove that where the Englishwoman goes, there she takes her dog. In Japanese all foreign dogs are called *komiya*, which is merely the English words "come here," rendered phonetically. The Japanese say that all English dogs are addressed thus by their fond owners: and so the name arose!

Lady Exhibitors One of the chief members of the Kennel Club Ladies' Branch Committee is the Princesse de Montglyon, Duchesse d'Avaray, who was in London last week, and bought a good many new dogs. Three chow-chows, a merle collie, and two Samoyedes—the latter from the Samoyede Kennels of Mrs. Kilburn-Scott—were the new acquisitions to the kennels of the Princesse, who is one of our keenest sportswomen and exhibitors. Mrs. Kilburn-Scott's Samoyedes are of the genuine Arctic-explorer, Polar-expedition type only; and she has now in her kennels a dog from the Duke of the Abruzzi's Polar sledge team, and two others from the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition.

Hunting January will see a good many of those pleasant fixtures, hunt balls. The Percy Hunt Ball is fixed for January 5, at Alnwick; the Oakley Hunt at Bedford, January 6; the Craven Hunt at Newbury, January 7; Tenby Hunt week begins on January 11; Warwickshire Hunt, at Warwick, on January 13; two balls, the Bicester and Warden Hunt and the Melton Hunt, are fixed for January 14; and Rugby Hunt is on January 21.

A Great Run The Atherstone Hounds had a great run from Aston Flanisle, and about fifteen miles of country were covered, the first forty-five minutes being at racing pace, and the good day ended in a kill when it was getting dark. Lady Denbigh was out, the Ladies Feilding, Mrs. B. Hardy, and Miss Heath. The Cottesmore have had large fields out each time, but scent has not been remarkably good. Lady Angela Forbes, who has been hunting regularly with the Cottesmore since her return from America, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Mrs. Guy Fenwick, Miss Blair, Lady Gerard, Mrs. Rupert Craven, Mrs. Asquith, and Mrs. S. P. Bouverie have been out lately with this pack. The best run of the season, so

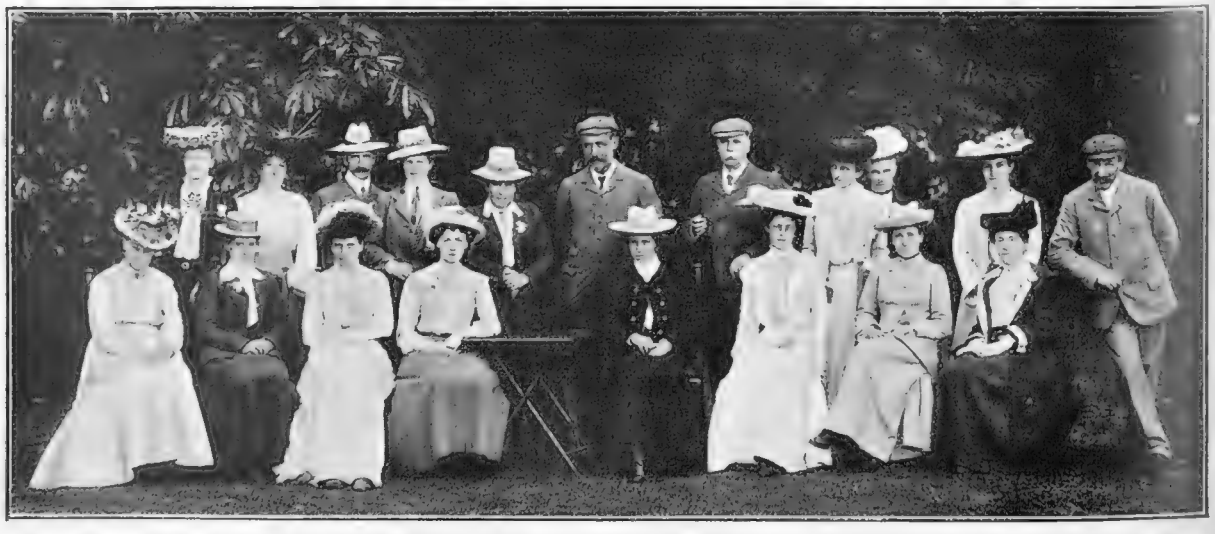


Photo by *S. C. Mote*

The Committee of the Barnehurst Golf Club

far, with the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire Hounds was their following the meet near Castle Semple; Miss Holms, of Sandyford, was out, and there was a fairly large field. Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake has met with much sympathy in her serious accident when hunting with the Blackmore Vale Hounds; the horse was crossing a narrow wooden bridge near Dogberry Hill when he slipped, and horse and rider fell into the gully, Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake underneath. The injuries were chiefly to the left arm; but the accident fortunately left no permanent injury. The Duke of Rutland's Hounds have had some poor-spirited foxes and bad scent lately. At the meet at Waltham, Lady Greenall was out, Mrs. Brocklehurst, the Duchess of Newcastle, Hon. Mrs. Gifford, Mrs. Burns-Hartopp, Mrs. Craven, Mrs. Ellison, Mrs. T. Peacocke, Mrs. Sheriffe, Mrs. Timson, and Mrs. Muir.

Miss Dod about to drive

Golf

The Ladies' Golf Union Irish Coronation Medal will be competed for over the links of the Foxrock Club. The date is fixed for Wednesday, January 20, 1904. The present holder is Miss May Hezlet, who has won it twice in succession. The Kent County Ladies' Golf Club is to be congratulated on retaining their present officers during the coming year. Mrs. MacLern has consented to retain the captainship, Mrs. Boys is the honorary secretary, and Miss D. Evans is honorary treasurer, and all three are golfers of fame. The Worcestershire County L.G.C. meeting was interesting and successful. Mrs. Holcroft won the final of the tournament, after a close match with Miss D. Spear; and others who played well were, Mrs. Dyer-Bennett, Miss Twinberrow, Miss E. Brown, Mrs. B. Bewlay, and Mrs. Hopkins.

Hunting in Ireland

The Meath Hounds have a capital record of sport to chronicle lately; and when the master, Mr. John Watson, says during the month of November there has been the best sport he has ever known, there is no doubt in the minds of Irishwomen that there have been some days worth living through. On Saturday, December 13, the Kildare Hounds had their meet at Betaghstown Cross Roads; and among those out were

Miss Dod putting

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, attended by Captain Holland, A.D.C., and Lady Kathleen Lindsay, who is back again in Ireland after some exciting experiences of hunting in America. The day on Saturday was not particularly good; but during the previous week there has been some really remarkable sport. There was a very large field out at Courttown Gate, although the weather was cold: hounds went from Major Aylmer's covert to Ballycahan, and ran well towards Cappagh; then we went into a thick fog. There was a nice hunt later in the day, hounds stopping near Newpark. On Tuesday there was a big field at Mr. Lynnott's house, and a good day, but the ground was very heavy; there was a capital thirty minutes' run to begin with; then, later on, Punchestown Gorse furnished the best fox the Kildares have had for years, which gave them a run of twelve miles.

An All-Round Sportswoman

Miss Dod, the well-known tennis player, has but to take up a new sport to attain eminence in it. She holds as commanding a position in golf as she does in her previous games of skill, and is regarded as one of our chief all-round sportswomen.

Mrs. Harry Steedman driving

ON THE GREEN.

Golf in 1903

The year is drawing to a close, and although, for the golfer, no season debars him absolutely from playing his beloved game, and like Tennyson's brook he "goes on for ever," yet the end of the year marks a sort of pause in his activities. He has a moment in which to think of the events of the past year with all its crowded hours of glorious life, or bitter moments of disappointment, before turning his thoughts to the ambitions and hopes of the coming year.

The Haskell Ball

What has been the distinguishing mark of this year's golf? The answer must be, it seems to me, the triumph of the Haskell ball. It is always a delightful thing for a prophet to pat himself on the back, the more so that the prophet's trade, as a rule, is an extremely unsatisfactory one, more often ending in ribald laughter from the ungodly at the results of his prophecies, when they go wrong, than in praise or gratitude when they come off. It seems absurd now to say anything in praise of the Haskell ball, which has come into its own with a vengeance. But at the time of the 1902 Amateur Championship only a few players were using the new ball, and opinions were in a state of flux concerning it, some absolutely denying it any merit whatsoever, and others fearing its effect on the game. Having closely watched the matches in which the ball was used I wrote, in an article on the Amateur Championship of 1902: "I venture to assert that the ball of the future must be either the Haskell ball, or some ball made on similar lines." That was in May, 1902. Later, in November of the same year, when Mr. Low and others of his opinion were agitating against the ball, I again wrote strongly in its favour, and assured its adversaries that their efforts to stop its being used were as vain as the old English king's endeavour to prevent the rise of the tide. I trust my readers will pardon me for this digression on the subject of "Haskellitis," from which so many players at that time were suffering, as shown by the action of Mr. Mure Fergusson at St. Andrews, and the adoption of a futile resolution by the Professionals' Association against the use of the new ball in any of their competitions, a resolution which they very soon had to rescind.

The Ball at the Two Championships of 1903

At both the Amateur and Open Championships this year, nearly every competitor, without exception, used the Haskell ball, and it was a case of the American Eclipse and the rest nowhere. Curiously enough, in the late tour of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society, Mr. Bramston was the only player to stick to

Photo by *Bowden*

Sandwich Links—The Maiden Green

the old gutty ball, with the result that his record was the poorest one of the whole team. No doubt his bad health at the start of the tour may have had something to do with this, but undoubtedly the gutty ball handicapped him still more, for his record is not what one would expect from a player of his great and brilliant ability. Happily, one hears very little now of the talk so prevalent a little while back, that the rubber-cored ball had ruined golf and made a fool of all golf courses. Players have had the sense to see that the game has received a fresh impetus from this wonderful new American invention, and that courses can be easily adapted to the fresh conditions by a little shifting of tees and cutting of new bunkers.

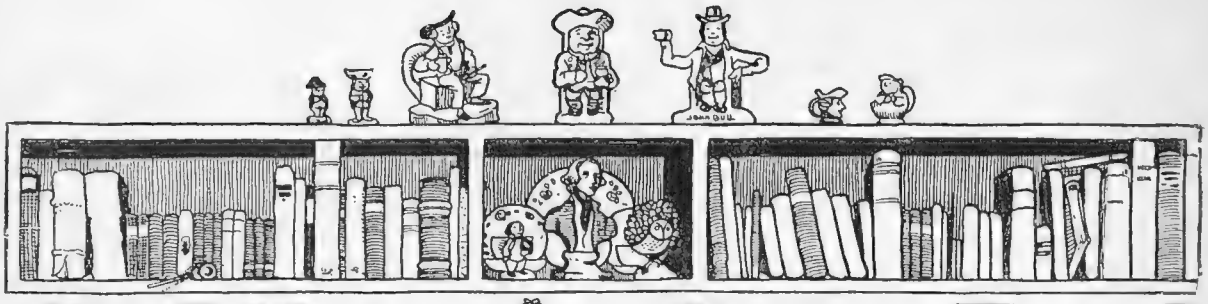
Mr. H. Castle Driving

Alteration in the Sandwich Course

This brings me to the consideration of perhaps the greatest benefit that the Haskell ball will have brought about in Southern Golf, and that is, the alteration in the Sandwich course. For years it has been patent to most players that the first and second halves of the St. George's course were very badly balanced. The outgoing part was so much easier and shorter than the home-coming portion. The new ball has evidently brought this fact home to the Sandwich authorities, and I think we shall find by the time of the two Championships of 1904, which fall to be played there, that considerable alterations for the better will have been made in the course. I quite sympathise with the reluctance of golfers to have a course changed, which to some extent has become historical. In most cases, however, courses have benefited by the alterations made. I understand that the alterations at Sandwich will only be made after careful experiments and exhaustive trial of the proposed new holes, and that the new course will only be adopted if it commend itself to the majority of the club players, guided by the advice of the experts who now have the matter in hand. ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo by *Vowden*

Sandwich—The Club House



The Harbour of Refuge S.W.

BY OUR HOPELESS OPTIMIST

It is the 23rd of December, two days before Christmas, and the ghosts of our childhood rise up and mock us, saying in cynical tones, "Where is this Santa Claus you believed in?"

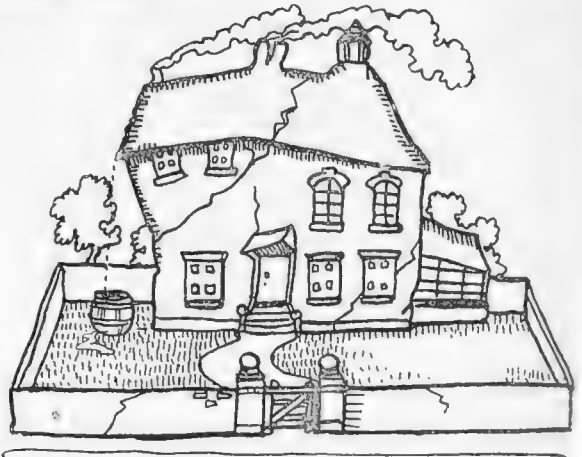
I have an annual present of three boxes of cigars and a card from a niece who imagines that comic pictures of hunting will divert me, and that is all; I give away exactly the same presents, and in addition a book to Carmichael, who never appears to read; and a box of sweets in place of the comic card, and there, in a dull, prosaic way, I finish my Christmas.

I am not old, I do not want to be made to feel old by the world, which appears to say to itself, "Oh, he wouldn't care for Christmas cards."

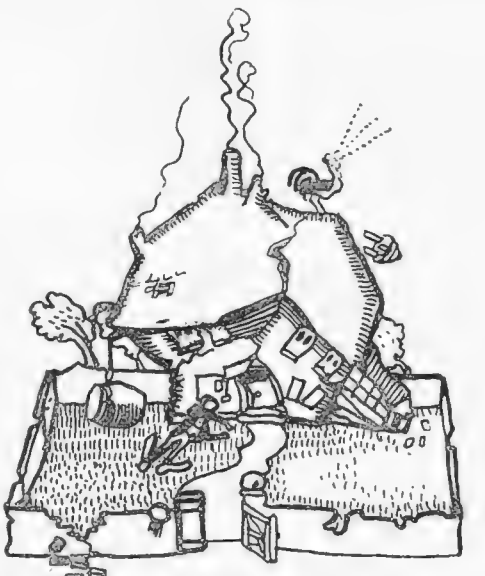
I meekly suggested to Abel that we should make a Christmas for somebody, some poor body, give them a huge meal and the usual box of cigars, for instance. I suggested, by way of experiment, the man who sells papers at the corner of the street, who I think is a broken-down gentleman. Abel, whose sole fiction is politics, and whose only romance is the births, deaths, and marriages, turned to Adam from the paper he was reading, and significantly glanced at me, tapping his forehead.

There's my grievance; now, if you want to, my Public, air yours.

Adam again, his remarks apropos of a previous conversation on villa residences:



THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JERRY BUILT.



THIS IS THE COCK THAT CROWED IN THE MORN.

"This is the House that Jerry built.

This is the damp Wall Paper that lay in the House.

This is the Rat that ate the Paper.

This is the Cat that was sorry for the Rat that ate the Paper.

This is the Dog that made friend with the Cat.

This is the Cow that wept with the Dog.

This is the maiden all forlorn who tried to mow the Brickstrewn Lawn near the shed for the Cow.

This is the Man all tattered and torn who fought the Man who let the House to the Maiden all forlorn.

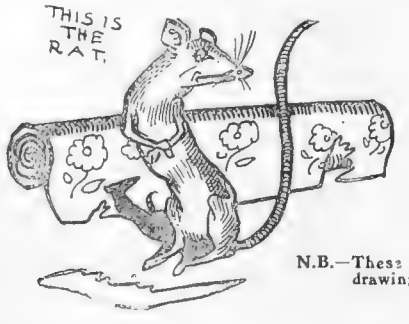
This is the Cock who crowed in the Morn and spilt the House all over the Lawn and on to the Man.

The Judge all shaven and shorn who said to the Man all tattered and torn who fought the Man who let the House to the Maiden all forlorn.

"You must repair the House and Lawn and pay for the Agent's coat you have torn, and regret the words, and keep the peace, and pay the costs, and kill the Cow that is ill in the Barn, and get a licence for the Dog that made friends with the Cat, and remove the Rat"—and after that—

"Next time you move, remember to prove, that in spite of the air, and the cheap rent per year, and all the advertisements looking so fair, the chief thing is: Is the House in good repair?"

So then the Man all tattered and torn and the Maiden all forlorn, and the Cow that wept, and the Dog and the Cat, went back to the House and buried the Rat that ate the damp Wall Paper that lay in the House that Jerry built."



N.B.—These are my drawings.

MATTERS MUSICAL

The Queen's Hall Sunday Concerts

Last Sunday's concert (December 20) was the 260th that has been given in the Queen's Hall since they were first started in 1895. I have no space here to review the history of the concerts, or to do more than mention the memorable action of the London County Council, which resulted in the formation of the Sunday Concert Society, but it is of interest to note that in the programme for November 3, 1895, there figured—in the humble capacity of organist—a young and unknown man, just twenty-eight years of age, one Henry T. Wood. It was not until 1897 that Mr. Wood assumed the baton at the Sunday concerts, after he had commenced to make a name for himself with the Promenade and Symphony Concerts. And now Herr Emil Paur will conduct the next few concerts, for Mr. Wood is on the way to America, and will spend his Christmas on the high seas.

The Autumn Season

The increasing importance of the autumn season during the past two or three years is in many ways an indication of the increasing hold that music has over London life of to-day. In fact, it seems as if we shall very soon have music all the year round, for there was only a brief space of about five weeks between the end of *the* season and the commencing of the autumn season by the Promenades and the Moody-Manners season of opera in English at Covent Garden. This latter (an innovation of the last two years) has been largely responsible for such a busy autumn, for it brought the critics back to town early, which fact artists were not slow to discover, and accordingly the end of September this year saw quite a large list of recitals, etc., promised. Some weeks, indeed, the critics were almost as hard-worked as in the big season, with five or six concerts a day. And there are signs that music-meetings will be started very early in the new year. There is a symphony concert on January 11; *Gerontius* is down for performance on February 15 by the London Choral Society, whilst the Elgar Festival is to take place early in March.

Christmas Music

For some reason or other the only piece of "Christmas" music with which the ordinary amateur is acquainted is the *Messiah*. But the chance of hearing something fresh was given him a few days ago, when Wolfram's *Weihnachtsmysterium* (Christmas Mystery) was performed by the Handel Society at Queen's Hall. Whatever place may ultimately be assigned to this work, which has made a stir in Germany, and which was heard for the first time in England at Hereford last September, there can be no doubt that it has a definite place of some sort, for it is music inspired by a deep religious sentiment. In this work the old familiar melodies associated with Christmas celebrations of olden time are treated with all the elaborateness and resource of modern musicianship, and although the result is not always happy, yet there is something in the work which arrests the attention, and holds one in its grip. While on the subject of Christmas music, I ought not to omit mention of the fine performance of Bach's beautiful Christmas oratorio, which Mr. E. H. Thorne gives us yearly at St. Anne's church, Soho. Mr. Thorne is a devout student of Bach, and his reading of this particular work is very good indeed. The only pity of it is that such a poor libretto should have been linked with such glorious music.

The Cult of Automatic Music

"Where will it end, this craze for things mechanical in music?" is a question that many are asking at the present moment. Every day, almost, sees some fresh "piano-player" or "orchestrion," or other automatic noise-maker offered to the public, and apparently a market is found for them all, and a new development is now to be noticed in the public concerts now given by the "piano-players," at which vocalists and solo instrumentalists are accompanied by these automata. The more pessimistic might be inclined to say that the professional pianist is doomed, and that the function of a critic will be reduced to that of an engineering expert. True, in the case of a "piano-player," one is still the "operator," but he need not be a very profound musician to do his work, especially now that recent developments make it possible for the particular "readings" by famous players of certain expositions to be exactly reproduced by following given instructions.

An Automatic Orchestra

And from automatic piano-players it will be but a step to the mechanical playing of other instruments, and even to the perfection of the automatic orchestra. But the craze, even if it should ever reach such lengths, will perhaps bring its own cure with it. Absolute correctness in art often becomes irritating, and it may well be that the public, sated with a brilliant perfection in the rendering of all the music they hear, would long for a mistake. And, after all, is there not a charm in the occasional slight hesitancy over a note, or the missing of one or two altogether in a difficult passage? And then, of course, there is the indefinable something in all art, that a mechanical process, however perfect, can never reproduce. But these will be benefits resulting from an era of automatic music. The public will be saved from much atrocious playing, both professional and amateur, and, on the other hand, a player who has only a brilliant *technique* will fare badly. People will want something more than they can get from the machines in their own homes.

H. J. C.

Adelphi Theatre

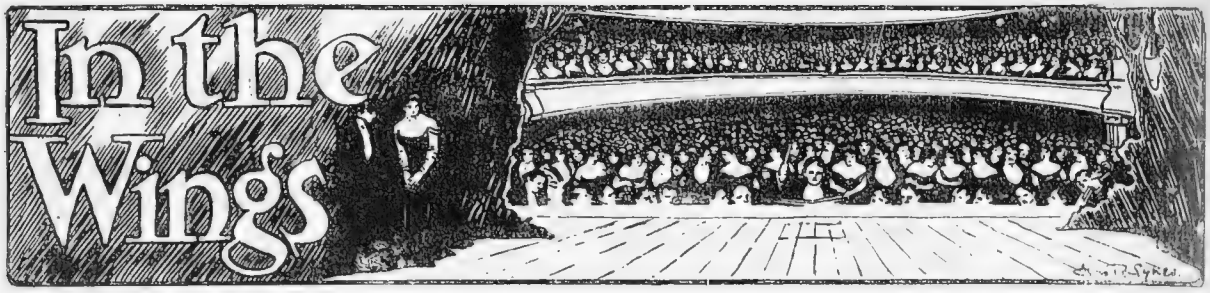
"THE EARL AND THE GIRL"

There are, doubtless, some few people sufficiently conservative to feel a distinct resentment against Mr. Seymour Hicks for having so rudely shattered the old associations of the Adelphi Theatre. To them it may seem almost a desecration to introduce an ordinary musical comedy into the house where the Prince of melodrama reigned so long and died so tragically. And yet such an introduction was in all probability inevitable. Of late years the Adelphi has not been blessed with its old prosperity. There have been many changes, many vicissitudes, and it was only in response to popular demand that the musical play at last appeared.

But the decision once arrived at, there can be nothing but praise for the manner in which it was carried out. The temporary retirement of the Savoy Theatre set at liberty a musical company which is certainly the best trained and best mannered in London to-day, from Mr. Walter Passmore, with his genuine sense of humour, and his dainty little wife, Miss Agnes Fraser, down to the lowest member of the chorus. Mr. Seymour Hicks was asked to provide the book, and his work in *Blue Bell in Fairyland* is quite sufficient to guarantee his power of correctly gauging the public taste, while of Mr. Ivan Caryll, who is responsible for the music, it has been tritely observed by a contemporary that he has probably forgotten more about music of that kind than most of his rivals ever knew. And, last of all, the lavish scale upon which the whole production has been conducted cannot fail to be a matter of surprise even in these days of seemingly unlimited expenditure.

Mr. Hicks's share of the production is for the most part all that could be wished. In the first place, he has endeavoured to provide something of a coherent story. For the first half of the play it would seem that he intended to do a little more than create a series of opportunities of which his chief comedian should fill in the details. He has written a story with a certain amount of characterisation which is unusual in this class of work; he has also provided a number of amusing entanglements which should be almost sufficient to amount to genuine farce; in fact the tangle at the end of the first act is capitally arranged. However, at this point, evidently mindful of the golden rule that he must suit his play to the audience it is likely to attract, and that the devotee of the musical comedy does not care to have his intellect overtaxed, he has abruptly ceased to call upon his ingenuity, and having led his dog-trainer — otherwise Mr. Walter Passmore—into his web of entanglements, he has apparently left him to get out as best he can. The result is that, although the second part of the play is almost as amusing as the first, it is, nevertheless, more the amusement of the actor than the author.

The play is called *The Earl and the Girl*, but as a matter of fact there are two of each. That is to say that there is an earldom in abeyance, and the one heir is to be the earl if the other earl, who is missing, cannot be found. Both earls have skeletons in their cupboards. The supposed heir, on the strength of his probable succession, has jilted the daughter of a lady who is, unfortunately for him, the strong woman in a circus. In consequence he is in search of temporary seclusion. The missing heir has eloped with the rich daughter of an American who has a tendency towards the unrestricted use of firearms, and he is also being pursued by two solicitors, one who wants to claim the reward for the missing heir, and one who wants to arrest him for debt—which also accounts for a similar desire on his part to preserve his *incognito*. Both being possessed of the same idea, they impress into their service an itinerant dog-trainer, who becomes the earl for the occasion, and as such is deputed to deal with his pursuers. It is all very slight and unimportant, but it is very amusing, and it affords splendid opportunities for Mr. Passmore. As the ragamuffin dog-trainer, he made a most unmistakable success throughout the evening, and that, too, without any undue exaggeration. He had one or two very amusing songs, the best, perhaps, being a description of the growing public taste towards problem plays, to the detriment of the dog-training business. He was very well supported by Miss Florence Lloyd as his sweetheart and companion in misfortune. The sentiment of the evening was principally supplied by Mr. Robert Evett and Miss Louie Pounds, the fine voice of the former being heard to great advantage in a pretty tenor song of a rather ordinary type about English roses, and one which was hardly so suitable, though equally inevitable, about British Grenadiers. At the same time it seems almost a pity that, as the patriotic song is a necessary ingredient of a musical play, it cannot be disposed of a little earlier in the evening, thereby freeing from anxiety those who, with mingled feelings, are awaiting its approach. Mr. Henry Lytton and Miss Agnes Fraser were together the real earl and girl, and they were a delightful, bright, and amusing couple, some of the business in their songs being very dainty and amusing; while to Mr. Lytton's share fell the song of the evening in "By the Shores of the Mediterranean," which he gave with great spirit. Amongst the other members of the cast, a noticeably good performance was given by Mr. M. R. Morand as an American solicitor, and all the minor parts were quite satisfactory. There was great enthusiasm at the end of the first performance, and all responsible for the production were obliged to come before the curtain and bow their acknowledgments. In all probability *The Earl and the Girl* will remain at the Adelphi for a considerable time to come. P. C.



A certain amount of movement is taking place in Mr. George Edwardes' many homes for musical plays. *Madame Sherry* is the first newcomer at the Apollo Theatre, from which she has already driven *The Girl from Kay's*. A successor for *The Country Girl* has been found in the new play, at present named *Beautiful Ceylon*, which will probably make its appearance at Daly's some time in February. A rumour has also gained a considerable currency in theatrical circles that Mr. Edwardes had arranged to undertake the management of the Shaftesbury Theatre, and would produce Mr. Charles Brookfield's adaptation of *La Troisième Lune;* but, as a matter of fact, the announcement was, to say the least of it, premature, and nothing has at present been arranged.

An almost unprecedentedly large number of theatres are this year devoting themselves to children's pantomimes for *matinée* performances. At the Court Theatre, Mr. Philip Carr will produce a version of his own of Grimm's fairy story "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men." At the New Theatre there will be seen a new version of "Alice through the Looking-Glass;" at the Garrick, Mr. Bourchier will revive his last year's pantomime, *The Water Babies;* Captain Basil Hood has written a fairy play, *Little Hans Andersen*, for the Adelphi; and at the Vaudeville Mr. Seymour Hicks' *Cherry Girl* is sure to attract a large number of little holiday-makers, and all these are, of course, quite irrespective of the regular pantomimes at Drury Lane and elsewhere, so that there should be no lack of amusement for the Christmas holidays.

Photo by *E. B. Eldridge*

Miss Phyllis Dare

A considerable stimulus to the much vexed question of state-aided theatres will be undoubtedly given by the recent issue of a White Paper upon the subject of state and municipal aid given to the theatres and opera houses on the Continent. In almost all European countries aid is given to theatres. In Paris the parliamentary grant was fixed some years ago at £32,000 for the Opéra, £12,000 for the Opéra Comique, £9,600 for the Théâtre Français, and £4,000 for the Odéon. In all probability the time is not very far distant when something of the same sort will be done over here.

Miss Phyllis Dare is a young actress who has come to the front with remarkable rapidity during the last few years. She is possessed of a charming voice and a most dainty manner, while her acting may well lead her to attempt something more ambitious than the form of work to which she has hitherto devoted herself almost entirely. The musical play, *The English Daisy*, in which she has made so great a success in the provinces, was written by Mr. Seymour Hicks especially for her.

The Connoisseur.

Antiques—from Jewels to Garden gods

The collector and the connoisseur have grown rather *blasé* in spite, or, perhaps, by reason of, the many allurements that the dealer in antiques spreads before them. And we, who constitute ourselves the collector's philosophic bystander and looker-on, share his lack of enthusiasm on the subject of forced sales and divine bargains at sacrificial prices, of which we hear a good deal from many parts of the town. Apropos, we recently received a letter, more or less in the manner of allurement, from Messrs. Nyburg, of Hanway Street, and, as the name was not very familiar to us, we thought it might be of interest to see the things they spoke of as "an enormous assemblage of *objets d'art*," which, owing to a peremptory landlord, who wanted possession of his property, was to be immediately realised. A great sacrifice of any kind has always been a popular spectacle, and, although in a sceptical frame of mind, we were pleased to be invited to the Nyburg holocaust.

Are Dealers Thirty Years

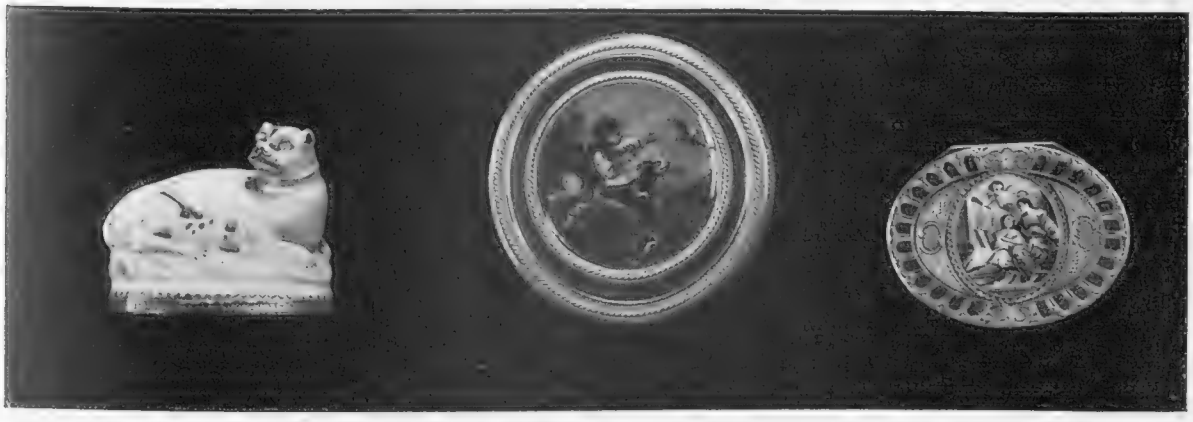
As a matter of fact we soon learned that there was to be no fun of that kind. This firm, we gathered, had been dealers, principally with the trade, for thirty years, and were especially energetic and fortunate in regard to Continental antiques, and that, although they no doubt have many objects that they will sell at reduced prices, their galleries contain a great variety of beautiful pieces of a class and character that never are sold at decreasing prices. Although, as we have said, chiefly remarkable for their foreign collections, we noted, as an example of things not likely to be sold at an alarming sacrifice, twelve Hepplewhite Prince of Wales' feather chairs and two armchairs *en suite*. It is so rare nowadays to find so complete a set, that if their price is allowed to be affected by the advantages of "immediate realisation," our belief in the wisdom of dealers will be shattered. Chippendale and Sheraton and people of the Adam period, especially Pergolesi, are well represented among the English styles, while there are some so-called Queen Anne pieces, with rather a strongly Dutch air, that are extremely interesting to the collector.

Queen Anne and Mrs. Harris

Speaking solely from the furniture point of view, there are plenty of writers who believe Queen Anne is the Mrs. Harris of periods, and that really there is "no sich pusson" in the chronicles of cabinet-work. At one time—is it not about thirty years ago?—everything was called "in the style of Queen Anne;" Mr. Austin Dobson wrote of the period in old French forms, and every uncomfortable villa in the suburbs was a libel on the period, and every suite of furniture that looked ridiculous was called after the Duchess of Marlborough's comrade. This naturally led to a reaction, and a sweeping away of the term; and now for the connoisseur Queen Anne is dead as a style of furniture. But yet there remains a period that was not quite William and Mary, nor altogether Hanoverian—partly foreign in inspiration, and partly English by execution.

A Question of Period

The furniture of this time is based, to some extent, on far-off Tudor things, complicated by Dutch ornament, and has, strictly speaking, no style; but yet the term "Queen Anne," although abandoned by the exclusive, is at least useful in the difficult task of apportioning various pieces to their rightful years, or, more vaguely, to their probable periods. A table or a chair which was widely used in England for many years, and



Dainty Curios from Abroad

1. A china box, gold mounted
2. A gold-mounted Louis XVI. box with an oil miniature, probably by Boucher
3. A very fine Louis XVI. box, with top *émaillé en plein* in various colours

copied and adapted here, may have chanced to be originally imported from abroad, but is still of the period and country in which it flourished. So we may, perhaps, adventure to continue the use of the phrase, "Queen Anne," as marking a certain number of years in which, we own, were many varying forms and much indifferent work and some delightful things. In this way the name would be fairly just in application, but it is much more often used to indicate work produced in the Low Countries when Queen Anne was on the English throne, and in a way it gives a fair idea of the period of production.

Careful Workmanship

The accompanying illustration is of this somewhat doubtful but highly interesting time, and gives a looking-glass mounted on a stand of admirably proportioned drawers. It is built of oak, with a stout veneer of well-chosen walnut, and the result, as regards colour and form, is excellent. Of course, the photograph only shows the design, which might be reproduced in our day with great advantage. But then the careful workmanship which all these pleasant curves and cunning effects imply grows dearer every year, and perhaps the time has gone by for just this style of dressing-glass, except as a *souvenir* of the great days of the toilette, when the dressing-room was also the reception-room. This glass and stand is a piece that will bear much careful study; but in this gallery, however, one is not allowed to dwell long on any one particular treasure, for on all sides are examples from Elizabeth to the Empire of Louis XIV., the Regency, Louis XV., and Louis XVI.

From Furniture to Faience

From furniture to porcelain and *faïence* is an easy step, and here you will find some fine examples of china, especially of Worcester, Chelsea, Dresden, and Sèvres, all very charming in their way, although our own particular heart is with the *famille verte* and the blue-and-white of old Nankin, of which there are some interesting specimens also. Now that silver in England can be so beautiful and so cheap, the collector's passion is for authentic examples of the silver of earlier days, such as the pieces on the next page. The castors are several inches high, and belong to the period of William and Mary, which they represent very fully; they are now greatly desired by the collector, rather, we fancy, on account of their historic and sentimental interest than their æsthetic value or usefulness. The loving-cup which stands between them is of Georgian make and, as the photograph shows, is an admirable example of a well-known style.

Vanities in Gold and Enamel

These are among the best of the English pieces, but there are also some representative examples of the early foreign styles—French, German, Norwegian, and especially Dutch. These cabinets are followed by many others of miniatures, chatelaines, curious old watches and snuff-boxes, *étuis*, and all kinds of little cases and vanities in enamel and gold, and tortoiseshell and precious stones. The centrepiece of boxes that are reproduced in our picture is of crystal and gold, with a tiny painting in oils in a very delicate manner. Among the treasures that Messrs. Nyburg assure one must be realised is a collection of old English cut glass, which, we believe, must be worth a round sum in the present day, and of which many pieces are of great decorative quality. The twilight of the garden gods is now almost over, for those moss-grown Apollos, broken Neptunes, and wingless Psyches of our early youth have fallen upon appreciative days. The "old garden" has become a cult, and the figures and sundials that our fathers scorned and banished from their grounds have flocked back into fashion, with their immortal youth once more renewed.

A Dressing-glass of Queen Anne's Day

Classic Figures

In these rooms are some very interesting specimens of these once rejected classic figures in stone and lead and marble. One is a little doubtful whether this new liking for the garden gods has come to stay, but there is no doubt that some of the reproductions of classic models made during the latter part of the eighteenth century were of undoubted merit and interest, which is heightened, in our day, by association and sentiment.

E. M.

FROM THE SALEROOM

Both pictures and books—collectable books of course—are apparently suffering from the effects of money stringency, combine scares, and bad times generally; to a much greater extent, antique furniture, porcelains, and other *objets d'art*. Of course, the very—absolutely the very—finest works of art and curios, be they books, pictures, bronzes, or what not, are always above mere market fluctuations, as are their collectors. The reason why books and pictures are the first to feel the nip of pecuniary frosts is that they are, if anything, more superfluously luxurious and of practical or intrinsic value than the other varieties of *bric-à-brac* mentioned. Be this as it may, both Christie's and Sotheby's have recently afforded an excellent field for the amateur bargain hunter in books and pictures, since even the big dealers seem sick of picking up bargains interminably with no immediate possibility of undoing them, though only at a turnover profit. Even the *répartition*, as the French euphemistically call our blatantly phrased "knock-out," is languishing for want of healthy competition.

A Bargain at Christie's

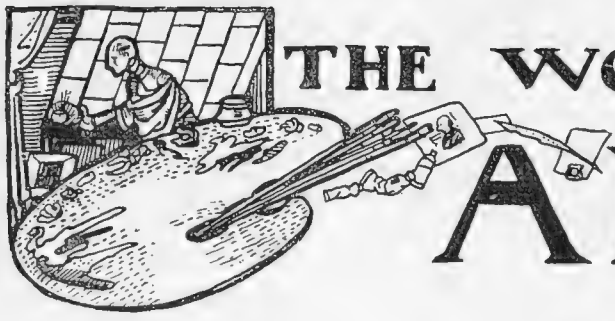
By far the greatest bargain that has been secured at Christie's this winter was the truly magnificent life-size portrait of Lord Frederick Campbell, seated and wearing the robes of the Lord Clerk Register of Scotland, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which was given away on Saturday, December 12, to a well-known dealer and expert for the almost ludicrous sum of 650 guineas. It is hard to imagine a nobler male portrait, or a more virile and satisfactory example of Lawrence's somewhat artificial style. The hands alone, delicate, nervous and intellectual to a degree, were almost worth the money to frame as an example of how hands should and can be painted. The picture was one which any man with sufficient taste and intelligence to appreciate it, and room to hang it, might have considered cheap at as many thousands as it has just fetched hundreds.

A Raeburn Portrait

The Raeburn portrait of Mrs. Barbara Murchison, a handsome, or rather comely, lady in a white dress, seated under a tree, was also a bargain, as Raeburns go, for the 950 guineas which Colnaghi and Co. gave for it; though the portrait of Miss Jenetta Macgregor, by the same artist, would have appeared dear at almost any price, certainly at the 175 guineas which it fetched. Another distinct acquisition—artistically, at any rate—was the marvellous portrait of an elderly lady by another great Scotchman. I allude to Sir David Wilkie's beautifully refined likeness of Mrs. Graham, in white, with a black shawl and white cap, leaning on a book. It certainly compared favourably with the 950-guinea Raeburn, and when properly cleaned and restored should prove a profitable investment to Messrs. Lawrie, who picked it up for a matter of 100 guineas. The same firm acquired another fine and refined portrait of a physician in a black dress and white collar, ascribed to K. Du Jardin, but more probably a Van der Helst, for 220 guineas; and an intriguing likeness, by Sir Antonio More, of Marie de Guise, seated, holding a parrot on her left hand, in dark dress, red sleeves, and white jewelled cap, made 380 guineas.

W. G.

A George III. Loving-cup and Sugar Castors of the Time of William and Mary



THE WORLD OF ART

The Royal Academy Schools and a Coming Man

No student's work was considered good enough this year to receive the gold medal and travelling studentship of £200 for Painting; and the Academicians did well to withhold the "great" prize—in truth, it was not won. Yet it raises a serious question: Is the school attracting the best youngsters amongst the art students? There are two or three signs, in these large rooms, that are full of hope for the schools; and there is a significant awakening in the administration itself as bodied forth in the short address from the President, sent out from a sickroom and read to the assembled students. It was full time that the teaching of the elements of art education was abolished from these schools. There are institutions scattered broadcast through the country and through London that educate the youngsters in the elements; and it is an obviously healthy sign in the Academy that this elementary teaching is to be cut down, and the student be allowed to push forward from a certain stage of accomplishment.

The Method of Training

The training undoubtedly should be in the direction of developing the individuality of the student, and perfecting his facility in the expression of his art. And it is a wholesome sign that, together with this awakening of the council to the needs of the schools, there should have been a determined stand against giving a rich prize to the encouragement of mediocre talents simply because the prize is there. As regards accepting the President's concluding statement, however, that "the instruction given at the Academy is as sound and good as that which can be obtained in any school in Europe," I am afraid we must hesitate; for I think that Paris, for actual training, surpasses any school in Europe, as far as schooling can create an artist—a questionable point in itself.

A Man of Promise

But whatever may have been the shortcomings of the schools in the past, and in spite of the somewhat low standard of achievement in the painting schools this year, there is a room in the Academy which must be a source of pride to the council to-day. In the end gallery is an exhibition of paintings done by the winner of the travelling studentship of 1901; and that work promises to give us a remarkably fine artist. I gather from a signature to one of the sketches that his name is George Murray; and if this be the case, the name of George Murray will not long be hidden away in the corner of a student's essayings in art. In everything this young fellow attempts is a rare sense of poetry, wedded to a masterly manner of expressing, in paint, the music that is in him.

A Picture of Mark

There is a large landscape, in particular, that would make its mark, not only in the schools of Paris, but in the best exhibitions either here or abroad. The twilight that falls upon the land shows the crest of a hill, over which toil the two bullocks that drag a plough, bending across the shafts of which swings the powerful figure of the guiding ploughman—and all in the ghostly wise that is the essence of the gloaming ploughman and team pass under the lea of a cluster of tall trees that spring upwards into the high firmament, the last lingering gold of the sinking sun warms the topmost shafts of the majestic trees, and sends a ruddy glow amongst their thick leafage—whilst low down, below the hill's ridge, and away and beyond, the distant landscape turns into a fairy-land half revealed by the departing sunlight that plays amidst the fantastic dusk. This thing is pure poetry. The point is direct, masterly, nervous, strong. The whole mood is caught and transferred to the eye of the beholder—and the transference of emotions is the whole and ultimate aim of a work of art.

As long as the schools of the Academy can foster and bring to perfection the art of a man like this, even though they achieve such success but once in a decade, their existence is a benefit to art and to the nation and a justification of themselves.

The holder of the travelling studentship for sculpture of 1901, and the new winner of this studentship, both justify their success by fine pieces of work. The student of this year, Mr. Arthur Charles White, is to be congratulated on a remarkably strong sense of the needs and the limits of a group in sculpture, upon a rare feeling for character, and a fine sense of line, which, with a large feeling for beauty, ought to make him a name in his art at an early stage of his career.

HAL DANE.

Art Gossip

Reminiscences

I walked through Lord Leighton's house on Sunday amidst the little throng that had gathered there for gossip—and an occasional glance at the fragmentary relics of his master-handiwork—but the feeling of sadness that these rooms give one who has known them when their master was alive thrust all criticism aside, and I found it impossible to weigh

and balance the work of the dead man. What a master of line he was! what a splendid figure-head for the official body that represents art in this land! what a wide knowledge he had of the art of the day! He would speak with enthusiasm of Aubrey Beardsley's music of line, or Phil May's draughtsmanship and feeling for character, just as generously as he would sigh for the age of Michael Angelo. I was hot upon art in those days, and spent a pile of shillings in the picture galleries; but there was one man in London who knew them, big and small, and watched them as keenly as even my youthful enthusiasm; that man was Lord Leighton. There was no new movement lost upon him. And when I saw him ungenerously attacked by rough-tongued critics for his aloofness from the work and motives of the young men of the day, I often wondered if he smiled in his lonely house in Kensington or suffered pain. For I always felt, spite of his supreme position and his marvellous, wide talents, that Leighton was a lonely man.

Water-Colour Landscapes

Messrs. Dowdeswell, of Bond Street, are showing a series of water-colours by Mr. C. J. Collings, of landscapes, chiefly in the region of Devonshire, all daintily handled, and charming and pleasant to the eye, well balanced in composition, and purely treated within the *technique* of water-colour—there is here no suggestion of the medium being substituted for oils. There is perhaps a tendency to a little thinness of the general impression from an undue insistence on the wateriness of water-colour as a medium; but a great deal of atmosphere is gained.

Modern Dutch Work

At the Holland Gallery, in Grafton Street, is a collection of oils and water-colours by the modern Dutchmen; and their glowing colours and rich technical accomplishment make their smallest canvases of interest. With the work of the Dutchmen are a few pieces by young Scotchmen who are in affinity with the Dutch school. There is an excellent water-colour of "A Street in Normandy," by Mr. James Kay, that shows great beauty of accomplishment and a rare feeling for colour. Mr. Geoffrey Strahan sends two or three very promising works—surely this is not the Geoffrey Strahan whose ill-drawn illustrations in black and white used to make the pages of the *Lady's Realm* a misery to gaze upon! If so, it but proves what a death-trap illustration may be for a born colourist. What wonderful names are made in Holland! Ye gods! fancy being called Poggenbeek! But when one can paint like these Dutchmen, it is almost worth such christening—or even to be hailed across the street as Bosboom. Nay, if one can paint cows as these "Cows in the Meadow" are painted, bathed in sunlight, I could almost forgive my father for handing me down to my generation as Stortenbeek. It is strange what an enormous sense of glowing colour haunts the genius of the Dutch—as vast and as large and as deep as the sense of splendid music in Germany.

The Art Union

The Art Union of London goes gaily along in its good intentions. This year the presentation plate is an etching by Mr. C. O. Murray, R.P.E., of Mr. Stanhope Forbes's well-known painting, "Off to Skibbereen," and it will undoubtedly prove a very popular print.

H. D.

WANTED!

WANTED, a really Plain, but Experienced and Efficient GOVERNESS for three girls, eldest sixteen; Music, French, and German required; brilliancy of conversation, fascination of manners and symmetry of form objected to, as the father is much at home, and there are grown-up sons. Address "Mater," etc.

I.

With a fascinating (?) father,
And sons who've *all* done growing,
It goes without my showing,
She *must* be ugly—*rather!*

II.

No pretty airs and showy!
No flirting or coquetting!
Or she will soon be netting
Our Jack, or Tom, or Joey!

III.

No spicy conversation
That's verging on the risky!
As sure as she is frisky,
She'll be above her station!

IV.

I ban a charming figure,
Deformity's invited!
These men are so benighted
That I *must* act with *rigour!*

V.

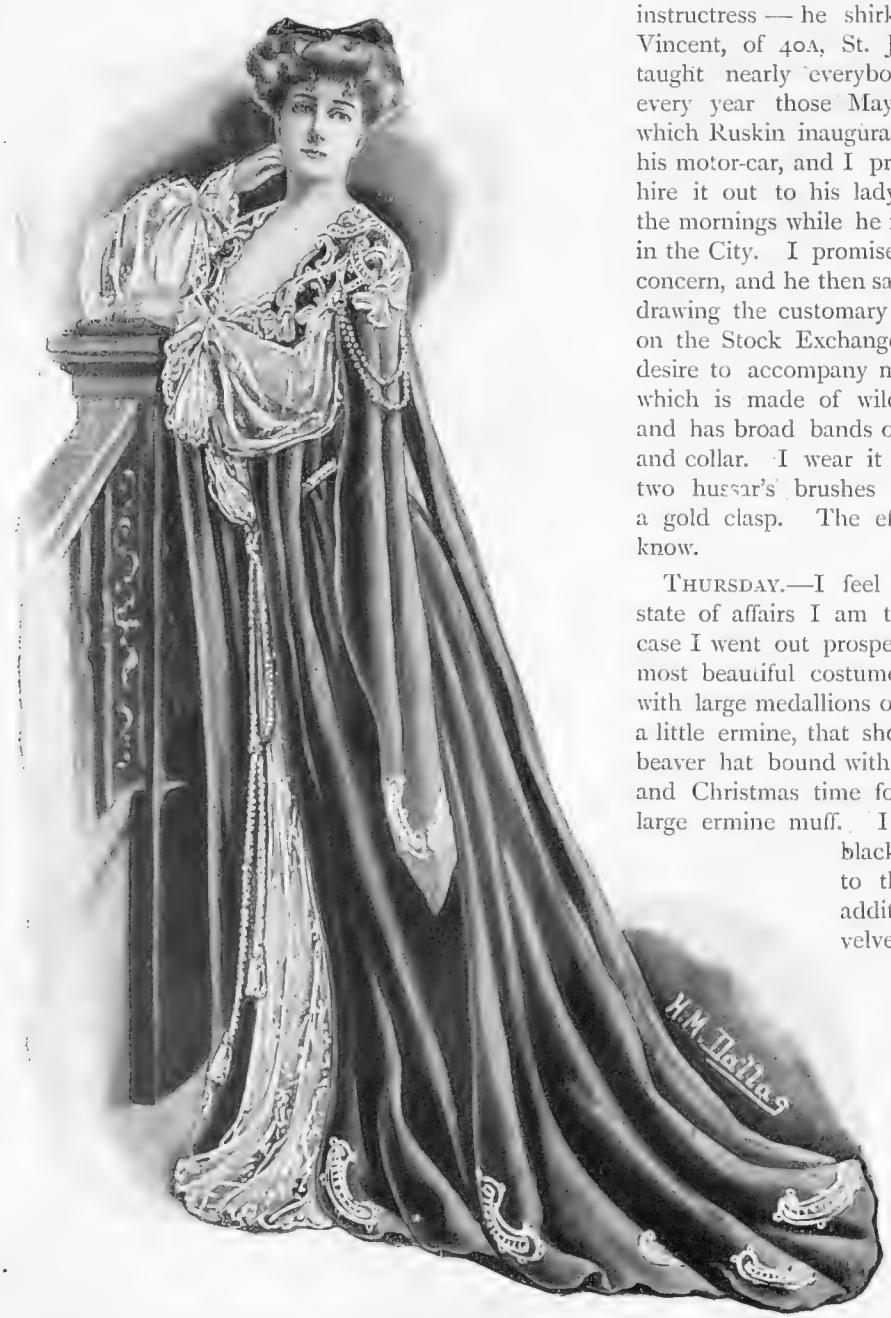
In fact, a frump undoubted
I want, with years in plenty!
Hands off! sweet one-and-twenty,
For beauty will be scouted!

F. B. Doveton.

Flounces and Fashion

MONDAY.—Won 2*s.* at Bridge, which I shall spend on a fascinating brown veil with fluffy chenille spots of cream and coffee colour all over it, this being essential to the best conduct of my new hat of white beaver with snail-like ruchings of brown and white, and red soft satin ribbon and two large brown roses dangling gracefully over my left ear. Bridge has its points. "Not yours," says my unappreciative cousin Bob.

TUESDAY.—I attended Mrs. Henry's bazaar, given in aid of the League of Mercy, and saw some capital frocks, a notable one being worn by the presiding genius, made of white lace with a broad white sash, while a fascinating stallholder had on a white bonnet tied with pink tulle strings. A very pretty girl who was selling hats revealed the true inwardness of her industry. "How are you getting along?" asked an inquisitive aunt. "Oh, very well indeed," was the reply. "I have had two hats and a silk petticoat given to me." Sweet are the uses of the charity bazaar!



A charming Teagown of Parma velvet, with cream lace applications. Underdress of cream sprigged net, caught with pearl girdle and ornaments

WEDNESDAY.—Jimmy demanded that I should learn the "two-step" waltz, and suggested an ideal instructress — he shirked the task himself — Miss Vincent, of 40A, St. James's-street. This lady has taught nearly everybody to dance, and arranges every year those May Queen *fêtes* at Whitelands which Ruskin inaugurated. Jimmy has not yet sold his motor-car, and I proposed to him that he should hire it out to his lady friends by the hour during the mornings while he is pretending to make a livi[illegible] in the City. I promised to start the idea as a going concern, and he then said he would become *chauffe*[illegible], drawing the customary wages, as things were so b[illegible] on the Stock Exchange. I believe he has a special desire to accompany my new winter motoring co[illegible], which is made of wild cat-skin lined with zenan[illegible], and has broad bands of black fox round the sleeves and collar. I wear it with a hat of white fur with two hussar's brushes of black and white held by a gold clasp. The effect is distinctly pleasant, I know.

THURSDAY.—I feel extravagant, not an unusual state of affairs I am told by my relations. In any case I went out prospecting for clothes, and found a most beautiful costume of pale grey velvet trimmed with large medallions of gray coarse woollen lace and a little ermine, that should be worn with a pale blue beaver hat bound with ermine, and I trust to luck and Christmas time for the essential accessory of a large ermine muff. I am going to have my short black broad-tailed coat brought to the pitch of fashion by the addition of stitched bands of black velvet, outlined with silken braid, while I shall have large frills in the sleeves of Irish lace striped with lines of black velvet.

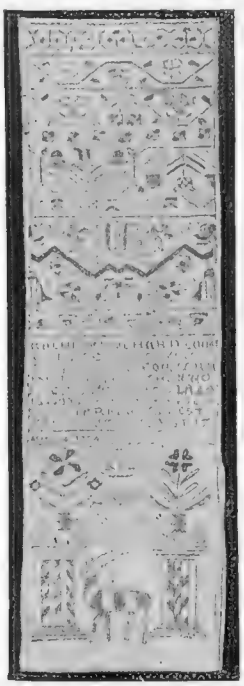
FRIDAY.—I went to a *roulette* party last night; just the sort of party I really like, plenty of people, plenty to say, and the grace to listen. Marjorie looked nice in a spangled chiffon gown with shoulder-straps and belt of pale blue ribbon. I went home with

The Parisian Hat Company

The Parisian Hat Company are the pioneers of cheap hats into Bond Street. At first they were looked upon as an amazing intrusion, now they are regarded as a boon and a blessing to women. Every sort and condition of hat is to be found here at No. 30 for the sympathetic price of 30*s.*; even bridesmaids' hats are included, and ostrich feathers and such-like luxuries may be found curling their attractive lengths on the models bearing this label of 30*s.* Two pretty examples of their millinery are sketched on this page, the one being of harmonising petunia, made of chenille of this colour, with roses shaded into pink forming the decoration round the low crown. The other, which is suited for the walker by the way or the motorist by the road, is three-cornered in shape, made of moleskin cloth, with trimmings of bands of bright red braid. This would look very well with a tweed dress and suitable moleskin equipments. The Parisian Hat Company issue an illustrated sheet of 30*s.* hats, which they are pleased to place at the disposal of any country reader who may ask for it.

her to sleep, and spent a fair portion of the night in the exchange of confidences, and a fair portion of the early morning in the mutual admiration of each other's nightgowns. Mine is of finest *batiste*, with an embroidery of satin stitch executed by the French nuns, and Marjorie's was of lawn with medallions of Irish lace, and, in spite of our excellent position in Society, we neither of us call them "nighties." Evidently we are not of the "smart set." Marjorie's mother has a lovely new evening dress teagown made of *mousseline* velvet in pale mauve with front and sleeves of cream coloured lace mounted over mauve chiffon, and an attractive decoration of amethyst beads and silken embroidery.

NITA.



Two Beautifully Worked Samples from the Exhibition at Messrs. Debenham and Freebody

The Toilet Table

"Beauty draws us with a single hair," says the poet; but I should consider that the more hair beauty had the more admiration and attention she would draw. So to all beauties, or would-be such, the keeping of the hair is one of the most important points of the toilet. Many and varied are the recipes given for the attainment of this result, but this, I think, will be found most satisfactory. Every night or morning, as may best suit you and your maid, divide the hair into as many pieces as possible and thoroughly brush these partings. The whole operation takes but ten minutes, and the result is invariably excellent. If your hair requires special attention, I would advise you to take yourself and it either to Messrs. Du Bosch and Gillingham, of 285, Regent Street, or to Mr. Bassant at the Hotel Great Central, who both possess a thorough knowledge and understanding of all sorts and conditions of hair, and will be able to provide you with lotions and various other etceteras necessary for its improvement, while you will find their charges are not very expensive.

As various styles of hairdressing have much concern with the toilet table, I feel in a generous mood, and will impart to you some of my knowledge on this point. The latest London *coiffure* remains in the nape of the neck, and has the side pieces pushed out by small combs. At a well-known establishment in Paris all the model girls who try on the frocks roll their hair round a black velvet ribbon, and at the base of it pin a large coil of hair obtained in various ways. I saw a pretty headdress the other night worn by Miss Constance Collier, who had parted her back hair in the middle, and wore across it a green *glacé* bow with a rosette at one side. The Paris *élegante* now brings her hair *à la Pompadour*, but well over towards the forehead, and rolls it up the centre of the back, pinning it down flatly on the top of the head, while the sides are narrow and closely brushed.

The Menu

Menu of a Christmas Dinner

For my *menu* this week I intend to give a Christmas dinner; and as I wish to include as many of the recipes contained in it as possible, I must content myself with only a very few words. I particularly wish my readers to try the almond sauce, which will be found a delicious accompaniment to the Christmas pudding; and, in fact, gives a fillip to it similar to that of the almond paste to a wedding-cake.

Hors d'Œuvres Variés.

SOUP

Consommé aux Artichauts.

FISH

Sole à la Colbert. Maître d'Hôtel Sauce.

ENTREE

Curried Sweetbreads.

RÔTI

Sirloin of Beef.
Boiled Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing.

Plum Pudding. Almond Sauce.

Mince Pies.
Compôte of Oranges.

CONSOMME AUX ARTICHAUTS

To a quart of clear, strong *consommé* add half a dozen white artichokes, previously cut into slices and stamped out into fancy shapes with a vegetable cutter, cooked in stock, and then drained and dipped into powdered parsley.

SOLE À LA COLBERT

Fry a boned sole in the usual manner. When done, fill the cavity inside with *maître d'hôtel* butter, prepared as follows:—Put 4oz. fresh butter, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a finely minced shalot, and a little pepper and salt into a basin, beat to a very stiff cream, then add by degrees a little lemon juice. Send the sole, or soles, to table with *maître d'hôtel* sauce, served separately in a tureen.

MAITRE D'HÔTEL SAUCE

To a gill of white sauce add a little mushroom juice, a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, a little pepper and salt, and the juice of half a lemon, and a little nutmeg. Make very hot and serve as directed.

CURRIED SWEETBREADS

Three quarters of a pint of white stock, 2oz. butter, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, 1 onion, 1oz. flour, 1 tablespoonful of curry powder. Melt the butter in a stewpan, add the sliced onion, fry it a golden brown; add the flower and curry powder. Simmer till the flour and onion are cooked. Add the stock by degrees, keeping it well stirred. Add the vinegar when the sauce is nice and smooth. Add the sweetbread cut into pieces 2 inches square. Let it stew in the gravy thirty-five minutes. Serve with a border of boiled rice.

CHESTNUT STUFFING

A quart of chestnuts, boiled until the outer skin can be removed, and then replaced in the water and boiled until soft. Mash them well while hot, and add a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a very little black pepper. When well mixed, place in the turkey and sew up the opening with a larding needle.

ALMOND SAUCE FOR PLUM PUDDING

Two ounces of butter, cut up into a basin, to which add 1oz. of castor sugar, 1 dozen and a half bitter almonds, blanched, and pounded very fine; half a wineglassful of brandy; beat altogether near the fire until it has the appearance of clotted cream.

PETITS GOÛTS DE SARDINES FUMÉES (SAVOURY)

Bone six small sardines, and pound in a mortar with ½oz. of butter, a tablespoonful of cream, a squeeze of lemon juice, and plenty of cayenne pepper; spread on some thin water biscuits; bake in a hot oven for ten minutes, and serve with powdered parsley sprinkled over them.

EMILIA.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

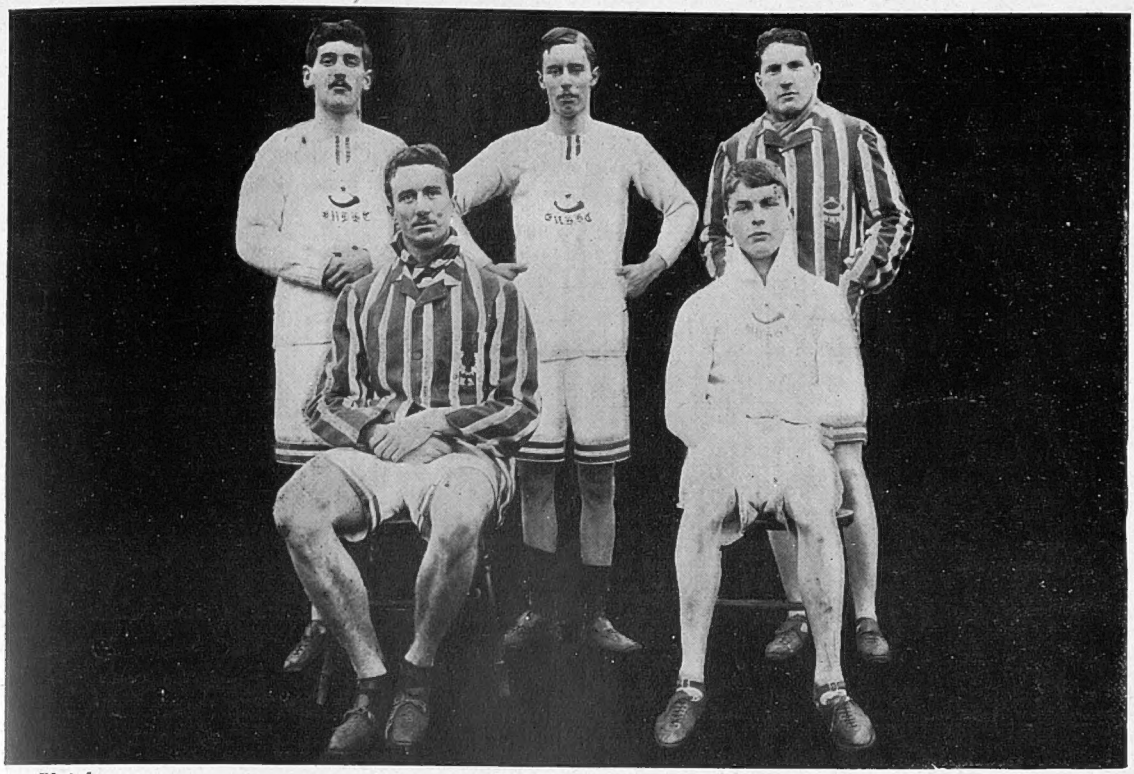


Photo by **The Oxford Team** [*Bowden*

S. E. V. Harcourt *R R Huyshe* *H. C. Birt*
M H. Godby (capt.) *C. E. V. Hodge*

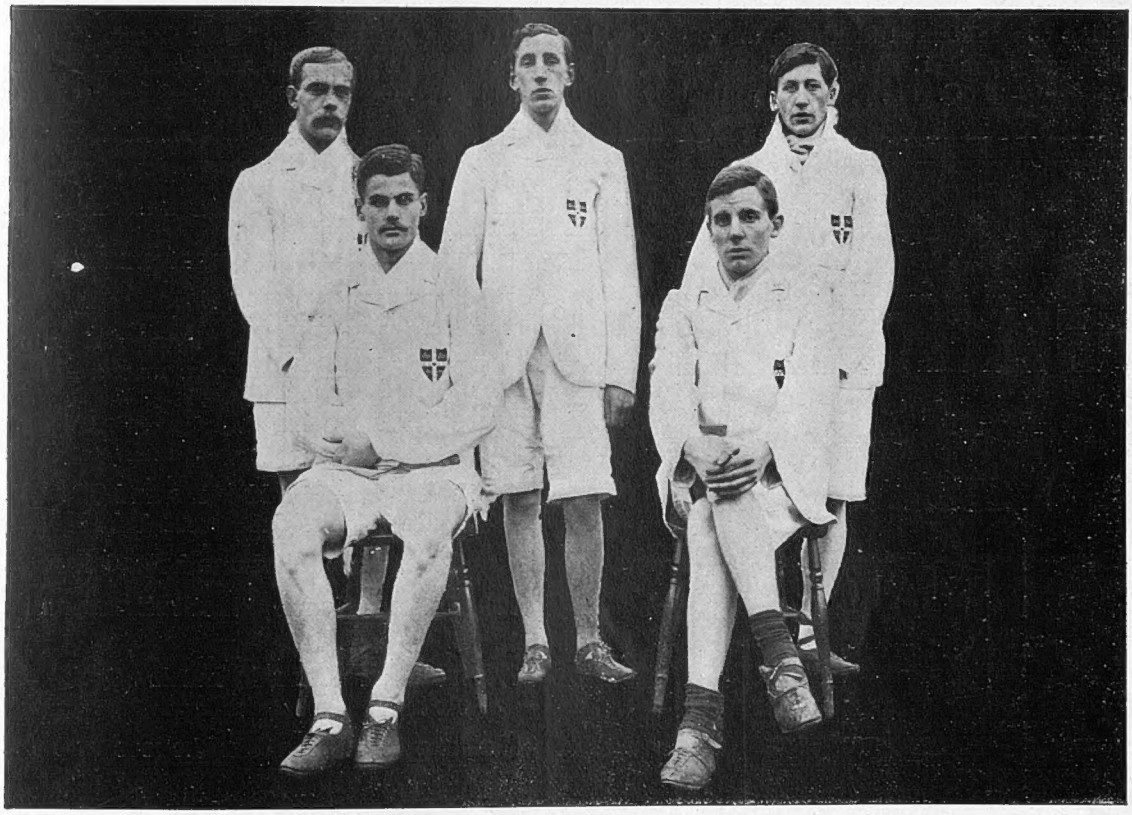


Photo by] **The Cambridge Team** [*Bowden*

A. P. Skene *A. R. Churchill* *R. P. Crabbe*
A. R. Welsh *H. W. Gregson (capt.)*

The Oxford and Cambridge Cross-Country Contest

At the twenty-fourth annual contest of the Oxford and Cambridge inter-'Varsity cross-country contest, at Roehampton, Oxford, soon after the commencement, lost much of their chance of winning owing to Harcourt spraining his ankle. The result ended in a win for Cambridge, the two leading Cantabs, Gregson and Churchill, holding premier positions throughout the latter part of the race. Gregson towards the end was obliged to drop back, owing to stitch, leaving the latter a winner by 120 yards. The distance was seven and a-half miles.

First—A. R. Churchill, Caius College, Cambridge: 45 min. 9 sec.
Second—H. W. Gregson, Christ's College ,, : 45 ,, 39 ,,
Third—A. R. Welsh, Trinity College ,, : 45 ,, 52 ,,

Middlesex v. Kent at Southgate

Middlesex, if not so strong in attack as in some previous years, put a very strong defence into the field to oppose Kent at Southgate the other day, but only won by 2—1. The Middlesex backs, H. S. Freeman and C. Pimm, were particularly good. Freeman is, without doubt, the best player in England in his position. Pimm has a slight weakness for "turning on the ball;" but that, in the case of a player on the left wing, is not easy to avoid. Eric Green and L. G. Campbell were the pick of the forwards.

These Cigarettes are made of

Tobacco DIRECT

From Manufacturer's own Plantation at

MALCAJIK,

Asia Minor.

From Leading Tobacconists.

Manufacturer: C. C. O. VAN LENNEP,
17 & 18, Great Pulteney Street, LONDON, W.

THE CHURCH ARMY

RELIEVES GENUINE UNEMPLOYED BY PROVIDING WORK.

No free food and shelter to attract loafers, but the means of earning it.

1,260 Prisoners helped last year.
Only 162 proved utterly unsatisfactory.

1,345 Men from Workhouses and Casual Wards taken off the rates and helped last year.

68,000 cases of distress helped last year.

120 Labour Homes, Institutions and other Agencies.

Prisons and Casual Wards Systematically visited.

Missions in Prisons, Workhouses and Reformatories.

66 Mission Vans hold Missions in country, and several Tents in town slums.

Headquarters Staff almost wholly honorary.

Funds and Old Clothing Urgently Needed

and should be sent to

The Rev. W. CARLILE, *Hon. Chief Sec.*,
The Church Army, 130, Edgware Road, London, W.